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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

*In which are combined and consolidated*

SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND NATIONAL FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE

Vol XX

February 1908

No 4



"Miss Carlyle will honor Ravenswood  
Court at noon tomorrow, Lady Beresford."

"See A Sequel to East Lynne"

*Published at Augusta, Maine*



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## CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page 2
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	2
CURRENT TOPICS	2
TOLD AROUND THE STOVE	2
IN & AROUND THE HOME, Fancy Work, Comfort Spices' Corner, etc.	3, 5, 13, 19, 20 & 21
A SPECKLED BIRD (continued) Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson.	4 & 17
LADY ISABEL'S DAUGHTER, or, For Her Mother's Sin (continued) Mrs. Henry Wood	6 & 17
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Con- ducted by Uncle Charlie	7 & 9
THE HEIRESS OF BEECHWOOD (continued) Mrs. Mary J. Holmes	8 & 20
CHARLIE'S FORTUNE (continued) Oliver Optic	10 & 11
A CORNER FOR BOYS Conducted by Uncle John	11
THE PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	12 & 17
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate F. St. Maur	13
THE DEATH-BED MARRIAGE, or, The Missing Bridegroom (continued) Ida M. Black	14 & 21
"OUR DIRECTORS" March Chas. N. Daniels	15
ONLY A GIRL, or, From Rags to Riches (con- tinued) Fred Thorpe	16 & 18
TALKS WITH GIRLS	18
INFORMATION BUREAU	20
VIRGIE'S INHERITANCE (continued) Mrs. Georgia Sheldon	22, 23, 24 & 27
FAMILY DOCTOR	23
HOME LAWYER	25
MANNERS & LOOKS	26

## Crumbs of Comfort

Prodigality is near kin to poverty.  
A great fortune is a great slavery.  
An uneasy conscience is the hardest pillow.  
Genius is not always measured by goodness.  
Revenge is the abject pleasure of an abject mind.

Great talents have many admirers, but few friends.

I hate the man who builds his fame  
On ruins of another's fame.—Gay.

Women do not disapprove their rivals; they hate them.

Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness.

Kindred vices induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.

In the meanest hut is a romance if you knew the hearts there.

Men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes.

Eternal smiles hide emptiness betray.  
As shadow streams run dimpling all the way.—Pope.

Ridicule is often used with more power and success than severity.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

Far better one unpurchased heart than glory's proudest name.

It is certain one's belief gains infinitely the very moment it can convince another mind.

To give money is an external act, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb.—Whittier.

Make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.

The sky, domed above us with its heavenly frescoes, is painted by the thought of the Great Artist.

When a man can look upon the simple wild-rose and feel no pleasure his taste has been corrupted.

The man who reads has in his books the ruins of an ancient world, and the glories of a modern one.

It isn't the silence of hope unexpressed  
That heartens and strengthens the weak  
To triumph through strife  
For the great things of life,  
It's the words of good cheer that we speak.—Lampton.

We often say things because we can say them well rather than because they are sound and reasonable.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it. Attempt to overtake and refute it and it will outrun you.

## A Few Words by the Editor

THE best valentine you can send your sweetheart is a year's subscription to COMFORT. If this does not win her heart, nothing will. It is certainly the best and cheapest valentine in the world. Now that the Lane publications, Sunshine for Youth, and The People's Literary Companion, have joined us, the COMFORT family is indeed of magnificent proportions, and the Lane subscribers, from the many letters they have written us, evidently appreciate the privilege of belonging to the biggest literary family on earth. The change has been a beneficial one all round. We are proud of our new friends, and they are more than satisfied with us. The COMFORT key now unlocks the door of another half million of homes. We feel confident that these homes will be all the better from the monthly visits of this publication.

COMFORT carries a message of brotherhood and good cheer, wherever it goes. It teaches the divine lesson of sympathy and love, and there is no religious paper in the land, or combination of religious papers, that exerts a greater influence for good than this periodical. We do not preach, we let others do that. We believe in practical Christianity, and it is the spirit and not the letter of the Nazarene's teaching that we try to convey through these columns to our readers.

The vast number of new friends who have come into our ranks through the absorbing of the Lane publications, will soon catch the COMFORT spirit and join with us in our battle for the world's betterment and uplifting. Shoulder to shoulder we stand, and our march is onward and upward. The spirit that animates us all is best described by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, when in one of her beautiful poems she says:

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many ways that wind, and wind,  
'Tis all the art of being kind,  
Is all this sad world needs.

A simple creed indeed, this art of being kind, but how few practice it!

Make it your life's creed. Just cultivate the art of being kind. It is the easiest thing in the world to do, and ah, what wonderful results the cultivation of that he'll bring. If all the world had that creed, and everyone practiced it, we would have heaven on earth, as well as above. No matter how strenuous your life, no matter how hard the road you travel, no matter how heavy the cross you bear, no matter how cruel the load of sorrow and care that weighs down your heart, you can still be kind in thought, kind in deed. Kindly actions will always keep a smile on your face, and your face will never grow old, and never lack beauty, while it is radiated by a smile of satisfaction that springs from a kindly action well and nobly done. Do not forget this simple little creed, memorize it, and repeat it once or twice a day. Repeat it to your friends, so that they too may learn it, and make it a part of their lives. Do not fear to preach the gospel of kindness, for after all Christ gave up His life on the Cross, just to teach men, women and children the art of being kind.

The National Farmers' Congress which was held last fall in Oklahoma, is worthy of more than passing comment. It was attended by fifteen hundred delegates representing the agricultural interests of thirty-five states. Among those who spoke were several members of Congress, officials of the Department of Agriculture, and the governors of three states.

The subjects discussed were numerous and important. Everything of interest to the farmer, such as crops, tillage, soil cultivation, and the various social and economic problems which bear upon the life of the agriculturist, received attention. It is satisfactory to note that the farmer's wife also received her share of attention. One session was devoted to her entirely. As a rule in such gatherings, the hog comes in for a deal of attention and discussion, and the farmer's wife is never mentioned. From this we may infer that pork is of more importance than women. In the Oklahoma Congress however, woman's rights and needs were thoroughly discussed.

Some of the resolutions passed at this congress are worthy of note. Gambling in futures came in for more than ordinary condemnation. It is exceedingly satisfactory too to note that resolutions were made calling on the government to introduce parcels post and post-office savings banks and postal telegraph service. Europe has had all these things for many years, and we should have had them long ago. If we get any reforms or concessions from the gentlemen in Washington, they generally come a quarter of a century after every other country has had and enjoyed them. It is simply ridiculous that a government of the people, for the people, by the people, should not be able to give us post-office savings banks and a parcels post without the most strenuous exertion and determined agitation upon the part of private citizens. Our law makers knew the people wanted these things thirty years ago, but special interests, and the dollars they could and did employ, deprived the people of privileges and conveniences which European nations have enjoyed for nearly two generations.

The Farmers' Congress also called for an expenditure of forty millions of dollars annually for deepening the nation's waterways. The discussions were characterized by broad and liberal thought. The farmers considered not only their own interests, but the rights and interests of the people at large.

It is time the farmers got together to advance their interests. The agriculturist is up against all sorts of combinations of capital, and the uniting of the farming element for mutual helpfulness will be exceedingly beneficial to all those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The farmer is and always will be the most important figure in the nation. The national wealth in the last analysis is reckoned in loaves, not in dollars. The farmer feeds us. It is on him we rely for the food which gives us life. To the tiller of the fields, the nation owes a debt of gratitude so stupendous that it never can be repaid.

Oklahoma has come into the sisterhood of states, full grown by virtue of area and population. It takes rank tenth as regards area, twenty-third as regards population.

The area of Oklahoma is seventy thousand miles, population estimated one million and one half. Though only opened to white settlement in 1889, Oklahoma has more people than

Nebraska. About seventy-two thousand of the population are Indians. The state is democratic, and the most remarkable thing about it is its constitution. It is away ahead of anything in that line penned by human hand. The framers of the Oklahoma Constitution knew what they were about. They saw the evils which have grown up in other states, both in business and political life, and determined in every possible way to prevent a like condition of things in their home state. The people of Oklahoma are determined to keep the control of the state in their own hands, instead of turning it over to legislators who can be bought up by corporations, seeking special privileges.

Oklahoma will be the first state to try the one perfect cure for all political ills; the initiative and the referendum. The great questions affecting the commonwealth will be referred directly to the people, and will not be decided by the legislature. The right of recall is also provided for. Any law maker who does not do his duty can be recalled by his constituents before the time for which he was elected has expired.

If we could exercise the right of recall over some of the political gold bricks we send to Washington, there would be no mis-representatives in Congress. Government by injunction, abhorrent to the American people, owing to the way it has been abused by privileged interests, to crush labor organizer's unions, will not be tolerated in Oklahoma. Secretary Taft pleaded for it, but the plain people were too wise to heed.

The Oklahoma constitution is a bulky document, and it shows the trend of public sentiment, which is away from the old order of things. Democratic ideals are to be given a thorough test in the new Southwestern state. The government there is to be a government of the people for the people by the people. John D. Rockefeller's oil octopus, and all the horde of piratical corporations, will, if they are wise, steer clear of the forty-sixth state in the Union. Oklahoma is certainly giving a good account of itself. Its soil is exceedingly fertile, and will grow the crops of both North and South. Its oil fields have a capacity of one hundred thousand barrels of oil a day. Its coal mines produce three million tons a year. Within its borders are five thousand miles of railroad, and ninety-three million dollars worth of domestic animals. In its banks are forty million dollars in deposits. Its wheat crop averages forty millions, and its corn crop seventy-two million of bushels, and its taxable property amounts to eight hundred million dollars.

The people of Oklahoma are sturdy and strong, and thoroughly American. There are no wackings among them. Our new state is settling an example that all the other states might do well to follow. I am pointing the way to higher and better things, and from the bottom of our hearts we wish it all the success it deserves.

## Current Topics

Preparations are being made to establish wireless telegraphy between Pekin and the South.

As a result of recent accidents to various navies the British warships will have their magazines cooled with refrigerating machinery.

James Ryder Randall, famous as a war poet died in Augusta, Ga., January 14. He was born in Baltimore in 1843. "Maryland, My Maryland" was his best known production.

By a recent imperial decree religious liberty is promised in China. Chinese magistrates are admonished to make no distinction between Christians and non-Christians. Protection to the lives and property of missionaries is assured.

One hundred and sixty-five people, men, women and children were burned and trampled to death in a fire in Rhoades Opera House, Boyertown, Pa., January 13, by the overturning of coal oil lamps which were used at the footlights.

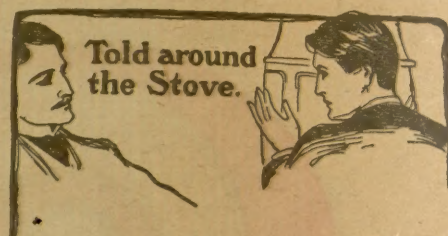
Telephonic communication has been established between a number of Australian farmers by means of wire fences. It has been found easy to converse with a station eight miles distant by means of instruments connected on the wire fences.

A celebrated painting "Elevation of the Cross," by Van Dyke, has recently been stolen from the church of Notre Dame, Belgium, and a constant search is being made for it. Art dealers and antiquarians in this country have been asked to be on the watch.

The American fleet of sixteen battleships entered the port of Rio Janeiro, January 12, after a passage from Port of Spain, Trinidad, more than three thousand miles, unmarred by serious accident. The fleet has now covered about one third of the voyage to San Francisco.

There will shortly be erected in New York, in the vicinity of all hospitals signs against creating unnecessary noise. The penalty for failure to heed the warning may be arrest and a \$10 fine. The credit belongs to the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, who have begun a crusade against noise makers.

Much interest is felt among German chemists charged with food investigation over the reported degree of success to preserve eggs by desiccation. The eggs, freed from the shell, are dried at a low pressure, 130 degrees F. The advantage of this method consists in the fact that there is no alteration in the chemical composition of eggs. When thoroughly desiccated and brought by pulverization into the state of coarse powder the egg material can be preserved for an indefinite period in ordinary packages, if kept in a dry place.



Told around  
the Stove.

## Something about Millionaires

"When you come to think," said a man who looked like he might be making about \$7 a week, "that out of the fifteen hundred million people who inhabit the earth, only about ten thousand are millionaires, it makes you feel a little less lonesome to know that you have so much company in your poverty. Just the same, I guess most of us would be willing to give up the company we are in and go over with the millionaire bunch. However, we can talk about them if we can't be with them, and here goes. More than half of the ten thousand live in North America and their pile is bigger than that of the other half—we have such big fortunes in America. Most of ours have come up very suddenly, too, comparatively speaking, for in 1846, sixty years ago, there were only 23 millionaires in New York city, where there are now fourteen hundred. We have in the rest of the country about 3,600, or upwards of over 5,000 in all in the United States, their combined wealth being estimated at nine billion, five hundred million dollars. Don't try to think how much money that is, because you can't.

"But this estimate is said to be too small, according to one New York financier who says there are 5,000 persons in the United States worth from one to three millions, each, and 2,000 worth from three millions to a billion, each, the total wealth of all, being twelve billions. In proportion to population, Colorado leads with 108 money kings, and every state has one or more. There are millionaires, too, and Mrs. Hetty Green and Miss Gould of New York, and Mrs. Walker of Philadelphia are estimated to be worth two hundred millions in the aggregate. The richest man in Canada is Lord Strathcona, born poor and named Smith, who now at 83 is worth \$125,000,000. Two other rich Canadians are Lord Mount-Stephen and Hon. George Ross, worth about 75 millions each. Mexico has only three millionaires, but one of them is very rich, indeed. This is Luiz Terrazas, Governor of Chihuahua, the largest landholder in the world. He employs 70,000 farm and stock hands, and annually slaughters 100,000 cattle and 50,000 sheep. His farmhouse, costing \$2,000,000 is the next finest house in Mexico, after the Palace of Chapultepec. His wealth is estimated at 200 millions. The second is an American, W. C. Green, worth 5 millions, and the third is President Diaz, put down at only one million, though if he had been a 'grafter' he might easily have had fifty times that much. Australia has a big-rich man in Sir Jervoise Clarke, who has a sheep ranch with fifty million sheep on it, valued at 150 million dollars. It is the largest sheep ranch on earth. There are only four other millionaires in Australia. In South Africa there are five, with Albert Beit, diamond king, leading with 500 millions. Abram Bailey is another. He is rich enough to have given 80,000 acres of land to the Salvation Army, and still have several millions left.

"Great Britain has 2,500 millionaires. The richest of these is the infant Duke of Westminster, put down at about 100 millions. Sir Thomas Lipton is down for 25 millions. The Duke of Sutherland is the largest landowner with about a million four hundred thousand acres of English soil. The Duke of Norfolk has an income of \$7,500 a day, and Premier Balfour has about \$350,000 a year. Russia has only 49 millionaires, but they are great spenders. Japan has only one millionaire, the Mikado. There are only 440 fortunes amounting to a quarter of a million each. But there are no very poor people in Japan, as there are in countries where the big rich prevail. So in France, where there are only 638 millionaires, Germany has about 800, two only going above 25 millions. Krupp, the gun maker, is one of these, or was, before he died. They say now, his daughter is the richest young woman in the world. Australia has 24, Belgium 7, Sweden and Turkey have one apiece. Norway and Italy two each. Portugal, 3, and poor old Spain, six—4,091 in all Europe. China with her 400 millions of population reports only 11 millionaires, while India with 300 millions has 900. The richest of these is Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy with about 15 millions. He is the head of the Parsees. Fourteen of the ruling monarchs are millionaires, the Czar being the richest, with a fortune estimated at over a billion dollars. King Leopold of Belgium is down for 350 millions. Just who the richest man in the world is is hard to say, but it seems to be nip and tuck between John D. Rockefeller and the Czar of Russia. The Shah of Persia is believed to be a close second, if not ahead, and as an indication of his wealth it is stated that he wears a green jewel in his turban worth 4 million dollars. But, let's don't talk any more about it. By gravity, the very idea of so much money to some people and so golden little to me, makes me have a pain in the pocketbook."

## New York City School Teachers

"You wouldn't think it, maybe, you school teacher chaps who get \$30 a month and board 'round, that there are enough school teachers in all the world to earn seventeen million dollars a year," remarked the man in glasses and a white tie, "but the fact is that the public school teachers in New York city alone earn that much. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. It's on the tax books. But they have to work for it, for there are 655,503 school children in that big town. Think of that, will you? More children in one town, than all the people in any one of several states, or in any one of most of the so-called large cities of the country. You who have worried all day long trying to teach twenty-five or thirty youngsters, ought to know what six hundred thousand of them would be like. There are 1,265 regular teachers and 2,000 substitutes to look after the kids, and there are 554 schoolhouses in operation, with 75 new ones building. Still there are hundreds of children who can only go to school half time for lack of accommodations."



pink, or brown and yellow are attractive combinations.



# A SPECKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first-born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a coach boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at—Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the message to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his sudden illness. Eliza discovers the identity of Ely Twigg. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life—his marriage through a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she disappears.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads with his mother. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them. She refuses all help. Eliza meets Miss Higginbottom and doubts creep in. She realizes her father's restlessness and his bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FATHER TEMPLE FINDS HIS LOST WIFE.

"WHAT is the urgent necessity? I have just held my afternoon mission service, and I am very tired. Noel, why are you so insistent?"

"Perhaps it has been borne in upon my 'subliminal consciousness' that if you wait too long you may possibly regret it. Once or twice I have found profit in following a rule my old nurse taught me when I wore kilts: 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.' I should be glad to know what you make that visit at once."

"You fear the poor boy is dying?"

"Not immediately, but he appears hopelessly ill, and needs all the kind words you may find yourself better able to utter than anyone else. Moreover, it would be well that you should see his mother, who is away at work during the week, and as you expect to leave the city so soon, this will be the most suitable opportunity for you to meet her at home. Poor, fierce, bitter soul! She has no milk of human kindness left; it soured and has become acrid—intensely morbidous."

"She belongs then to the unhappy class of frail women who go swiftly to utter wreck in all large cities, where sin is arrayed in rose color and gilt. Strange that the boy of such a creature should remind one of the infant St. John or a seraph of Angelico's."

"Some fragments of her history lead me to believe that she is as trustworthy and pure as any woman to whom you preach. Her morality is beyond cavil, but theoretically she seems to have gone wild among the hedges and ditches of socialism."

"You consider her a conscientious, good woman?"

"As far as I can ascertain she lives irreproachably, but associating with anarchists. I surmise some man has treated her cruelly, or she thinks so, and now she—"

Mr. Herriott rose, looked at his watch, and laughed.

"Temple, do you recollect one summer night under the elms, when rehearsing for the Greek play, Prescott Winthrop declaimed the Herdman's message from the 'Bacchae,' and emphasized the portrait of Agave in the frenzy of the Thiasus strangling a calf and fondling a wolf's whelp? Today Leighton's mother recalled that scene, but she is not dancing to meet Bromius—only hunting revenge on all mankind. Ah, you are going? I suggest a cautious approach. Leave the carriage out of sight, and boldly flourish the promised book as an open sesame. You of the cassock can enjoy privileges denied to us, the ungirded sons of Belial. After all, through the poor little lad you may be able to lay a healing touch on the mother's sick soul. Come to my rooms after your visit, and we will say good by until I get back from my long jaunt."

An hour later Father Temple made his way into the tenement house, through a noisy mob of children romping on the pavement, and when he entered the narrow hall outside din was conquered by the deep, swelling music of "Quis est Homo," wailing from a violinello held between the knees of a man sitting half way up the stairs, a thin, stooping old figure with shaggy gray hair, and bearded as a Welsh harper. The priest ascended, and the musician edged closer to the wall to allow him passage way, but he merely nodded his bowed head, and the solemn strains rose and fell like the sobbing moan of waves settling to calm after lashing blasts. Father Temple lifted his finger.

"Mrs. Dane lives on the next door?"

"Go up. She will see no priests, but her door is open for the child to hear the music he loves. Dear little boy is sick, and my cello sounds more better here than closer."

He shut his eyes and continued playing. Opposite the undraped west window of the room above, an alley stretched, making clear pathway for the sinking sun that poured a parting flood of radiance into the apartment, and upon

the cot where, propped up with pillows, the boy clasped his arms around his knees, and listened, quiet and happy. Between cot and window his mother sat, facing the back of her chair, on top of which she rested one arm, leaning her brow upon it, while the other hand, lying on the cot, slowly stroked Leighton's bare feet. Having washed her hair earlier in the day, it was now brushed out over her shoulders to dry in the sunshine, and the bright mass of waving tendrils seemed to clothe her with light. On the floor were scattered several newspaper sheets—"The Chain Breaker"—and across her knee lay an open copy of "Battle-cry of Labor." Only the mellow voice of the cello sounded, and the room was sweet with the breath of Mr. Herriott's white carnations nodding in a blue bowl on the table. Standing a moment at the threshold, Father Temple's eyes fastened on the veil of golden locks falling to the floor, and his heart leaped then seemed to cease beating as he recalled a vision of the far West, where just such glittering strands had been twined around his fingers.

"Oh, my St. Hyacinth's preacher!"

At Leighton's glad cry his mother raised her head, started up, and, moving forward a few steps, swept back her hair, holding it with both hands. Before her stood the tall, thin figure in the long, black habit of his Order, cord-girded at the waist; with a soft wool hat and book in one hand; a clean-shaven face, pale, sensitive, scholarly, and suggestive of "lauds and prime," of asceticism without peace, and of brooding regret.

He recognized every line in her lovely features, from the large pansy eyes and delicate, over-arching brows to the perfect oval molding of cheek and chin, and the full, downward curve of scarlet lips. Love is so keen of vision it pierces the changes wrought by ripening years, and he knew the dear face. She did not suspect, love had been dead so long, and she had buried all tender memories in its neglected grave.

"I am surprised a Romish priest wastes his time coming here, and I have no welcome to offer you, because I wish no visitors."

With a swift movement he closed the door, dropped hat and book, and came close to her. The sudden glow on his cheek, the light of exultation in his sad eyes transformed him.

"Look at me. Don't you know me? Look—look!"

Eye to eye they watched each other, and at the sound of his deep, tender, quivering voice recollection smote hard upon her heart, and a vague, shivering pain drove the blood from her face, but she fought the suggestion.

"You are unknown to me."

"I am Vernon Pembroke Temple, and you are Nona, my wife! My Nona—my own wife—"

Words failed him, and he held out his arms. She recoiled, throwing up her hands with a gesture of loathing, and stood as if turned to stone, so strangely hard was a face where eyes kindled and burned with the pent hatred and scorn of long years of sore trial.

"You had not sins enough to sink your soul without adding hypocrisy? A preacher! A priest! Cowardice, perjury, moral leprosy, skulking under a long cloak as black as what is left of your vile heart!"

Each word fell like a red-hot flail, but he did not wince, and neither father nor mother heard the low wall from the cot where childish arms covered a face white with horror.

"You think you believe I intentionally and premeditatedly deserted you, and in your ignorance of facts you certainly had cause to despise me, but—"

"Think—believe! As if it were possible to doubt the villainy planned! The crime you so carefully committed against a mere child, knowing she was a helpless victim, believing she could never redress her awful wrongs. As if you had set a trap and caught an innocent, happy bird, and then broken its wings and tossed it to screaming hawks! Coward—coward as you always were—how dare you face me?"

"Nona, dear Nona—"

He put out his hand appealingly, but she struck it aside with stinging force, and stepped backward.

"Out of my sight, or I call the police."

She pointed to the door. He turned, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and his eyes steadily met the challenge in hers. The banked, smoldering fires that flashed up must burn lower before he could plead. So they stood; he flushed, smiling, happy; she shaken by a tempest of rage that blanched her to a livid pallor and set all the glittering rings of hair quivering, as if innumerable golden serpents coiled and uncoiled around her trembling form.

In the pause he lifted the hanging ends of the knotted cord.

"Do you understand what this habit means?"

"Don't! If a holy cloak to hide every sin that makes this world a hotter hell than even God could fashion—if God were possible. You drape it over the ten commandments blotting them out, while you sing psalms, and rob the tolling poor, and ruin young lives, and murder innocent souls. Oh, yes, to my sorrow, I understand all it means!"

"It means my consecration to celibacy when you fled from me, and I had exhausted all efforts to find you."

"Celibacy! Celibacy! I needed no nunnery to help me keep clean and pure but you ran behind monastery walls to protect yourself from retribution at a wronged woman's hands. Coward from first to last! When I fled from you? You must indeed be possessed of the devil to dare such language to me."

"Nona, there has been some awful mistake—"

"Yes, a mistake that I was not scalped, or that a merciful bolt of lightning did not strike me dead that day—that cursed day—when first I set my eyes on your false, treacherous face! If you could only know how I hate, despise, utterly despise the bare thought, much more the horrible sight of you!"

"No wonder, since circumstances were apparently all against me at—"

"Circumstances are no shelter for honest, honorable men, if there be any left; and the hard, bitter, murderous facts of your shameful life would find you out if you dodged under the very throne of the God you blaspheme by professing!"

"Will you listen to the truth?"

"You could not speak if it were I. I listened to you once too often, and you wrecked me, and I am no longer a fool."

"Why did you leave Thompsonville after you received my letters, and the money I sent you, and when you knew I was coming there to take you away with me?"

For an instant she looked at him with startled curiosity, then laughed hysterically.

"I left Thompsonville because you wrote no letters, sent no money, and took no notice of my frantic appeals for help in my hour of horrible trial. A sick woman with a frail, feeble baby, facing starvation, abandoned, slandered, and trampled in the mud, I could only snatch at the hand held out to me by the one man I have found honest, honorable, loyal, and true, as he was pitying and kind."

"But when—"

Brown told me—"

Her scornful laugh drowned his words.

"When you reached Thompsonville, in your dreams—after a night's carousal at college! Even a congenial idiot would sicken at that."

No shadow of impatience crossed his happy countenance; the intensity of her scolding bitterness was part of his punishment—the harvest

that sprang from his own sowing—and he must not complain until she understood fully.

"I can prove that I went to Thompsonville, and I have the sworn testimony of Delia Brown that she delivered into your hands my letters and the package of money I sent to her care through the express agent. On a scrap of paper I have also a receipt in pencil from you to Delia Brown."

She shook her head and smote her palms together.

"Forgeries one and all. I would not believe you on your oath, unless the grave yawned, and Leighton Dane—dead six years—came back as witness in your favor."

"He was the handsome Spanish-looking man," Delia Brown told me stole my wife and child and disappeared suddenly—going to Florida or Cuba to grow bananas—when you heard I was coming to Thompsonville?"

"He was a good old man, my father's best friend, who took his place as teamster—and when I was literally driven out of the cabin, the one rainy night by my stepmother, he was the only human being who believed I was not vile. He pitied me and carried me in one of the Government wagons to Thompsonville, and paid my board until I was able to earn my bread by helping Delia Brown wash and iron. His term was expiring soon, and when he started back to his home in California, he came by to see if I needed anything."

"Finding I was ill in body, distracted in mind, desperate, because I knew then I was utterly deserted, and had no hope of help, he offered to carry me West and protect me on account of his friendship for my father. Oh, bless him—for ever and ever! He made an humble little home for us, and shielded and respected me, and pitied and believed in me with all the strength of his great, true heart, and was a second and a much better father to me in my shameful desolation and helplessness. He adopted me and my baby, and when he died he left his small savings to us; and so I named my outcast little one Leighton Dane for the one loyal friend who helped me to feed and clothe him when his own father rejected and abandoned him. I had no proof except the certificate you made me swear I would conceal for two years, and your ally, the devil, worked well for you when the mice nesting in my trunk cut it into shreds while I was ill. The chaplain and Ransom Hill were dead; I had none to speak for me; but Mr. Dane believed my words, and he put his big hand on my head and comforted me."

"Poor little girl, don't worry; just be easy in your mind, for I know you are telling the truth. I know you are good as your own baby, and if every mouth in America swore against you I would trust you as I always trusted my own mother."

A hot clouded her eyes, as dew softens the tint of a violet, but she clenched her hands, and bit her lip hard to still its tremor, adding with sullen emphasis:

"In all these black years the one star of comfort I can ever see shines in the assurance that the only truly good man I have found, who knew me well, respected and trusted me as he did his dead mother."

"You never saw or heard of the advertisements I published in various papers, asking you to inform me where I could find you?"

The contempt in her ringing answer stung him like a whip-lash.

"People who are neither lost, strayed, nor stolen, spend no time hunting for imaginary advertisements that never go to press."

"You shall read them in the papers with their printed dates. Copies have been filed and preserved with reports of unsuccessful search from chiefs of police in Louisiana and Florida, whom I paid to hunt for some trace of you. They are deposited in a Boston bank, with a sum of money placed to your credit—all to be delivered to the order of Nona Moorland Temple. Write to Noah Giles, cashier of Orchard Street Bank. I will telegraph, vouching for your right to the tin box bearing your name, and in two days you shall possess absolute proof that I am not the hardened scoundrel you think me. Weak, rash, cowardly, I certainly was, but as God hears me, never forgetful, never unfaithful, never intending the wrong for which you have suffered so frightfully."

The gaze of each fastened on the other, neither had noticed the cot or its occupant.

Leighton slipped slowly down till his feet touched the floor, and he clung to the mattress for some seconds, measuring the distance to the pair standing in the middle of the room. Weak from emotion that almost overwhelmed him, he felt his limbs would not support him, and, gathering his cotton nightgown about him, he sank on his knees and crawled noiselessly forward. Between father and mother he crouched, then laid his head against the feet of the priest and feebly raised his arms.

"My father—"

The sight and all it implied as judgment of evidence in defence, drove her to jealous frenzy, and she sprang forward as a panther leaps to succor her young.

"Don't touch him! Don't you dare to lay your finger on him! You have no more right to him than to an archangel! He has no father, has only his downtrodden girl-mother. Don't you dare to put your sacrilegious hand on his holy head. He is not yours!"

With his right arm he held her back, as she stooped to snatch the boy away, and, kneeling, he passed his left hand under the prostrate form, gathered him close to his breast, and looked up, smiling into her eyes.

"Not mine! If I am not his father—who is?"

"He is mine, solely mine; body and soul, he belongs only to me! Before he was born you turned us adrift in the world to perish, and now fought for bread and shelter, carried him on your bosom, slept with him in my arms, you—name you dare—dare claim my outcast baby! I would rather shroud my darling than hear him call you father."

Leighton's arms stole round the priest's neck, and his tangled yellow curls touched the dark head bent over him. Father Temple kissed the little quivering face, strained him to his heart, and the long-sealed fountain broke in tears that streamed upon the clinging child.

"My baby, my son, my own lost lamb, for whom I have searched and prayed—God knows dreadful years!"

As she stood above them, barred by that tense, right arm, noting the tight clasp of the thin potent rage made her long to scream out the agony that found no vent save in a rapid beating of one foot on the bare floor—much like the crouching of some furious furred creature, Father Temple's outstretched hand caught a fold of her skirt, and with it a strand of floating hair.

"Nona, my wife—my own wife—"

She twitched her dress from his grasp and shook it.

"I am not your wife! Thank God, I am no man's wife! I am free as I was before you came—an everlasting blot between me and the sunshine. I kept my promise to you. I set my teeth and was silent under a fiery storm of slander and foul accusations that blistered my girlish cheek with shame, but I waited till the years you named had passed, and you had reached your majority, and plucked up courage

to face your father, and had a legal right to ratify what the Church sanctioned through the chaplain. Then I told my only friend all the facts. I ceased to hope, because I had lost faith, but Mr. Dane pleaded for you: 'Wait one year more, give him the last chance to do right.' He wrote to all the officers, and his answer told us that your father was in Europe, and that the major thought you were with him. Then I laid my case before one of the human vultures that batten on the wreckage of broken vows—a lawyer, expert in snapping matrimonial chains. He sent you all the necessary notices—sent them to your college address, the only one I could give him. Very soon the decree of absolute divorce was rendered, and I dropped all right to a name I had never publicly claimed—cast it off as gladly as I would some foul garment worn by a leper. Free—free to live my life as I pleased; Mrs. Dane and her boy Leighton—free to go wherever I wished, after dean took the only real protector I ever had. And I chose, for my baby's sake as well as my own, to lead the hard life of a working woman, but clean, and honorable, and innocent as that of any abbess safely stored away from temptation behind brick walls and iron gates, and though my own little one may well be ashamed of his father, he will never need to blush for his mother when the peace of death hides her from an unjust and a cruel world."

Sunshine had vanished, the room was darkening, and the last glow from a topaz band low in the west flickered over the woman's head as she swayed in the wave of passionate protest that rocked her from all trammels of control. There was a brief silence, broken by a strangled sob and cough, and over the breast of the priest's cassock a warm red stream trickled. He rose quickly with the boy in his arms and carried him to the window.

"Nona, a hemorrhage!"

"Lay him down. If you have killed him, it is the fitting ending of all my wrongs at your hands. Now stand back! Back! Do you hear—you curse of my life!"

She sponged the child's face, laid a wet compress on his throat, and kept one finger on his pulse, not daring to give medicine while the narrowing red stream oozed more slowly. She lighted a lamp, flew into a recess near the stove, and came back with a hypodermic syringe.

"Now, mother's man, don't flinch."

Pushing up the sleeve, she injected a colorless fluid into his arm, held it some seconds, and laid her lips near the puncture. Then with one hand she held his head raised slightly, and with the other sponged the lips until the flow ceased and the gasping breath grew easy.

"Swallow your medicine slowly, don't strangle. You must lie perfectly still. Mother's own little man needs to go to sleep now and forget all he has heard today."

Father Temple had fallen on his knees at the opposite side of the cot clinging to one of the boy's hands, and suddenly the child turned his head and looked imploringly, first at father, then at mother. Both understood the mute prayer in the beautiful, tender eyes. A quivering sound—part cough—made their hearts leap.

"I never will be fatherless any more. So glad! Don't leave me, father."

"Leighton, you shall always be fatherless. This man can be nothing to us. Because of his deceitful promises I suffered the disgrace of smarting from a horse-whip laid on my shoulders when one night I was driven out of my father's cabin by his wife, and to shelter myself from sleet and rain crawled into a covered wagon and slept on hay and corn, until Uncle Dane found me there, and had mercy on me. I owe to this priest every sorrow and trouble that have darkened my life and yours. All these years we have had only each other, and you must understand your mother is the one who has the sole right to your love. My darling, you and mother can be happy together, and we need only each other."

She struggled for composure, but there was an orisonous pant in her veiled voice.

"I want my father! Oh, I want him—I want him!"

Tears glided over his cheeks. She leaned down, snatched Leighton's hand from the priest's clasp, clutching it between both of hers, and turned her blazing eyes upon the kneeling man.

"Will you go now? Have you not done harm enough to satisfy even you? These are my rooms, and I will tolerate your intrusion no longer. Remember, my decree of divorce is absolute, and it secures to me the custody of my child."

"I recognize no validity in divorces, and the law cannot annul a ceremony performed outside of its restrictions and requirements. Because we were minors we invoked the aid of the Church, and our vows before God can never be cancelled by any civil statute. Except as a solemn, sacred rite, there was nothing in our marriage to legitimize our child. This is my son, not by license of law, but because we swore fidelity to each other 'until death do us part,' and called God to witness; and no human decree can rob me of my child—since you dare not name any other man his father. I defy you to lay your hand on his innocent head and question his legitimacy, which inheres only in a ceremony no civil law sanctioned. Months of tedious and well-nigh fatal illness delayed my return to you, and during my delirium your letters were mailed. When at last I accidentally recovered two letters, and went on crutches to bring you back with me, you had disappeared. All the proofs of my search shall be laid before you, and though I do not wonder you grew desperate and cast me out of your heart as unscrupulous and treacherous, the facts when investigated must convince you I have kept my vows as faithfully as you kept yours. I felt that somewhere in the world my wife and child were adrift, through my folly, my cowardly fear of my father, and, broken, hearted and conscience-smitten, I confessed to the Superior of my Order in England at that time, that I desired to live a celibate, which platform of a rash act in my boyhood, which I separated me from the wife I loved, and chastity took my vows of poverty, obedience that they did with the explicit understanding that they did not absolve me from my marriage vows, should not absolve me from my duty to find my family. I God mercifully permit me to find my family. I God supreme the oath I took under the stars at hold supreme and second in sanctity my vows before the Post, and in our chapel. For the awful consequences of my boyish weakness I accuse only myself, and if it be part of my punishment that I have lost irrevocably the affection and confidence of the mother of my child, then, at least, there remains for me the comfort of finding my boy, from whom I will never again be separated; and to him I must atone for years of unintentional neglect."

He saw that his appeal was futile as the leap of a wave that breaks and sinks in froth at the foot of basaltic cliffs, and the joyful light died in his eyes when he began to realize that wishing to believe the worst she would never accept proofs offered in exculpation.

"Nona, try to forgive me, for the sake of our son, our own beautiful, innocent boy."

There was no answer, but the steady, quick tapping of her foot on the floor, and her defiant face showed no more softening than an iron mask.

Leaning forward, he kissed Leighton's tearful cheek, and despite his effort to control his voice it trembled.

"My precious child, I thank God I have found you! Between your mother and me you must not attempt to judge now. She has suffered terribly on account of mistakes I made, and she certainly has the best right to you and to your love. It is painful for her to see me, and I cannot blame

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)





## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Through the kindness of the dear sisters and readers of the best magazine published, I have received much cheer and sunshine which has been untold comfort in brightening the dark, lonely, loveless feelings of mine as I journey on through the storms and tempest I am passing. How these life storms, trials and sorrows beat and bend us like great winds along the shore and on the uppermost part of the mountains. It takes strong roots to hold us or we would blow over by the tempest. The storms of life are not for our destruction although we bend and sway as they pass. I truly believe our afflictions are for some wise purpose not known now but the hope of seeing the great purpose ended in a reward worth waiting for keeps us strengthened. In reading the sisters' letters fancy takes me in their homes and makes me a welcome visitor. But all such are only day dreams and help to take our thoughts away from our suffering bodies that are ever calling for rest. Amid all these homes I visit in my day dreams, some are sad, some are nothing but continual sunshine and when I step in where all is sunshine how sad to think of those awaiting clouds that will overtake and destroy it and how blessed we are to be unconscious of their approaching, but I believe I visit many homes of sunshine, where they are ever willing to divide. More so, than I could ever expect, when they have never tasted of the bitter drug of suffering. But thanks be to our Creator, he has taught them lessons of charity and filled them to overflowing with His divine grace and thereby we are comforted.

And by and by we will all whom He has chosen and supplied with His grace meet together and then be at home. Oh, that sweet word home and next is mother. What two words in the English language could be sweeter and what could have more strength and importance than the value of these in life. Do the sisters who are living in homes where the family circle is unbroken realize the blessing they are permitted to enjoy and do those who have walked through the deep sorrows of seeing this circle, broken one by one until nearly or all have been taken until only a remnant remains, realize my feelings. And what is home without a mother?

A home is where all are dwelling in peace and love, all members of the family are like so many links to a chain each one filling his place and helping to support the others, working together and for the interest of one another, where they all share each other's joys and also their sorrows, and take their plans to mother and ask her advice.

As I have never given a pen picture of myself I will give one now. When in health weighed from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty, brown hair, deep blue eyes, light complexion, five feet and five inches tall. Now I am reduced to seemingly a shadow, only weigh eighty-six.

Now sisters don't think I do not take an interest in all your letters about what you are all busily engaged in at your dear little homes. I do enjoy reading of what you do, your pleasures, both past and present and future anticipations and only wish I could be able to share in them. I can read of how busy you all are and how I crave to have strength to be busy too, for idleness is a state of agony to me. I read of J. A. D.'s letter, on how to prepare Thanksgiving dinner, with pleasure.

I am giving all the sisters and readers of COMFORT an invitation to visit me on my birthday, Feb. 24, bringing me such help and cheer as they think would help to brighten my pathway of life. And now may we all be prepared to give true thanks to our Father above for our many blessings is the wish of

MISS AZUBAH LEE, Dunn, R. D. 2, N. C.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Although a stranger to you I have long been a reader of "COMFORT." I enjoy reading it more than any other paper or book we get. I am always impatient and over anxious for each issue before the time to receive it. I am not exactly a "shut-in," but I am a poor, frail little thing, have been suffering with catarrh of the head now for the past seven or eight months. That, and having lost two little ones, makes life sad and lonely for me.

I thought maybe some of the sisters could write me of a good home treatment for this catarrh of the head as I read where one of the sisters wrote in of a good recipe for coughs and consumption, and another sister said she was entirely cured of her wen through remedies which the sisters sent her, so hoping some of you will kindly remember me I will close with best wishes. May God bless COMFORT and all its workers, and continue to bring comfort and sunshine into each sad home.

MRS. PAULINE HAYDEN, Box 144, Tecumseh, Okla.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I have come especially to tell you about a lovely basket I have made. A square of poultry

wire one inch mesh is best for the purpose. Cut it according to the size you want. Mine I made ten by ten inches. Round the sides up slightly, and then run a small wire all around through the mesh, over and under each wire and fasten firmly. Now line with moss, fill with rich dirt in which plant vines and wood ferns. In the center of the earth place a small wooden box after punching a few small holes in the bottom. Keep this filled with water, and it will keep the soil moist, and your ferns will grow nicely. Mine is now a ball of green, and looks very pretty.

I have five children, one of whom is my good John. He is five feet three and one half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Isn't he quite a boy?

I enjoy flowers, fancy work, raising chickens, and COMFORT, especially this department.

MRS. T. L. MCANALLY, Tulaoma, Tenn.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I always read the "COMFORT Sisters' Corner" first and certainly do enjoy it. I live in the center of the Blue Grass Region in the city of Lexington, Ky. We have about 40,000 or more inhabitants. Kentucky has always been noted for its pretty women and good whiskey. I am afraid it will be quite a while before Lexington "goes dry" as we have about one hundred and seventeen saloons here, still we live in hopes as we also have between thirty-five and forty churches.

In our city is "Ashley," the home of our noted statesman and orator, Henry Clay.

We also have a reservoir which is one of the largest and best in the country. It covers over one hundred and eighty acres, and no visitor comes to our city without visiting it before leaving.

I could tell you much more of our part of the country and especially our city, but I don't want to wear my welcome out.

How many mothers have tried this simple remedy for hoarseness and croup. Cut pieces of flannel to fit the neck and cover the chest and shoulders then soak them in equal parts of hot lard, turpentine and coal oil, apply as hot as can be borne.

I enclose my recipe for a meat loaf. I hope you will all try it and report success.

Praying God's richest blessings on our shut-ins, I am a "COMFORT Sister."

MRS. C. W. ALLEN, 330 Park Ave., Lexington, Ky.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am making a silk slumber robe and some silk sofa pillow covers, and I thought perhaps some of the readers of COMFORT would send me

James Shirah of Mineral Wells, Texas, is another that is worthy. I have known him but a short while, but can speak in his favor. There are numerous shut-ins that need our help and I, for one, am doing all I can to aid in the good work. When one does the best they can, that is sufficient and it is all that one can do.

I am glad to know of so many of the dear sisters waking up to the work. As Mrs. Ryder of Oldtown, Maine says: "Those that help others, help themselves." "God loveth a cheerful giver" is another thing that should be remembered. I read all the dear letters and find many helps from them. Indeed, I read my paper from start to finish and then put them away for future use. Uncle Charlie, I consider a treasure. His dear letters, while full of genuine fun also reach the heart. His shut-in work is beautiful. I am much interested and am watching my chances for the future.

I have lost my husband since writing last. I want all to know why I have left so many letters unanswered. I will ask all who have written, write again. I will do my best in replying to all. I have lost the address of some few. I have changed my address also since last you heard from me, as you will see.

Mrs. Cable of Essex, Ark. I have not heard from you in quite a while, write again.

Before closing let me add that I am in favor of the "motto" and am willing to let Mrs. Wilkinson decide the question as to what it will be. I am also in favor of having her photo at the head of our corner. Success to COMFORT and its readers, is the wish of a true friend to all.

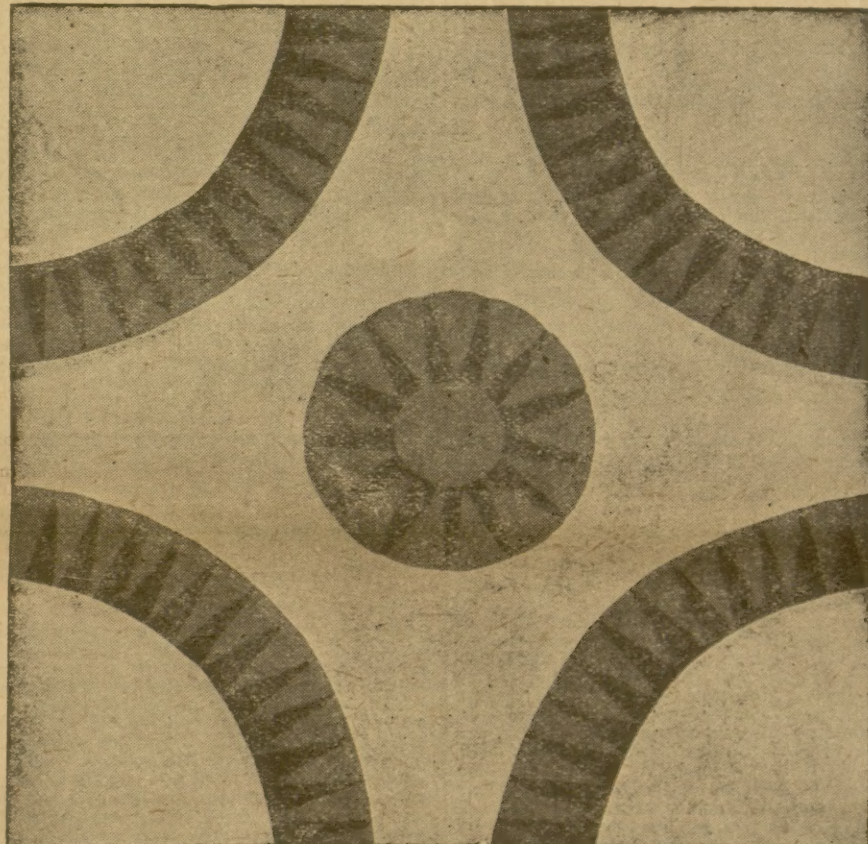
LENA T. TAYLOR, Box 21, Sagerton, Tex.

## MY DEARS:

"The day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead."

Yes; but we know that under that coating of ice and snow the water is flowing, the grass and flowers will soon spring up, and all nature will rejoice. We love old winter with its many pleasures and joys; it brings the family reunion, the exchanging of gifts, the glad new year, Saint Valentine's day, and above all our dear Washington's birthday; it brings rest, and an opportunity to catch up on many duties and work, that the summer with its manifold cares will not admit of, then you know we must have some stormy, bad days, to appreciate the sunny ones. I want you all, particularly the young people, to read an extract from a letter from one of my Southern boys.

"I am eighteen, a farmer's son. I am one of



STAR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.  
Sent in by Mrs. Calista Bolan.

The quilt pattern illustrated in this odd design is made of a combination of three colors, red, green and yellow on a white background. The center circle is composed of thirteen triangles of green, fourteen of red and a center circle of yellow. To make the curved lines in each corner one will require thirteen green and twelve red triangles, each of which should be sewed together first, and afterwards applied in place as shown in our illustration. When the squares are complete and placed together circles will be formed with handsome effect.

pieces, silk, satin, velvet or worsted. I cannot walk at all on account of having the rheumatism.

My mother is a shut-in, also, being crippled by falling. We both like to get souvenir postals and would be pleased to receive them. My mother's address is Mrs. Catharine Wightman, 300 N. Eastern Ave., Joliet, Ills. I cannot answer any letters unless postage is inclosed. I would be pleased to get reading matter also.

MRS. ANNA POTTER, 300 N. Eastern Ave., Joliet, Ills.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time but have never written to this corner before. I live on a small farm about eight miles from Minneapolis. Our summers here are fine but our winters are rather severe.

I have lived in Minnesota since I was twelve years old and I have become used to the sudden changes we have.

I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters especially anyone by the name of McNutt, as I have relatives by that name whom I have never seen. My father's name was Samuel McNutt and he had several sisters and one brother whose name was Barney.

I would be glad to receive directions for crocheting or Battenburg patterns or any kind of fancy work.

I made the belt that was in the paper and also a collar to match of black silk thread with maroon ribbon run through them. They are beautiful I think.

MRS. LAURA SHORTEIDGE, Box 39, Fridley, Minn.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I believe if you have a good word to say, say it. I have many that I would like to say of COMFORT and its splendid band of workers. With many others and I believe with all. I wish the dear little visitor came every week. In regard to our dear Mrs. Wilkinson, words fail me again. I feel that she is worthy of all praise.

I know she must be as patient as Job. We cannot love her too well and I move that we show our appreciation of her efforts in our behalf by requesting her to let us know when her birthday comes so we each may call by mail.

J. A. D. Your dear letters are read and appreciated by all. You can have no real idea of the many kind words spoken of you and your doings. May you ever have as much sunshine in your own dear life as you are casting abroad. I see you claim James Wall as your favorite. Let me say that he is a favorite with more than yourself. I for one think him quite worthy of all that can be said of or done for him. I hope to know of many becoming interested in his behalf.

"Uncle Charlie's" boys. I think lots of him, I sympathize so much with our suffering shut-ins, and will surely write to some of those you tell me about, as soon as I can.

I am loved by the dearest girl in the world, and we are not going to get married until we are both in the twenties, so you see we are sensible if we are young, and not the lovesick fools we read about. I wish God had seen fit to make a preacher of me. I would rather be a minister than anything else, but I would want to be a real good one, that would accomplish wonders. But as it is, it is my ambition to be a U. S. Senator. Let me tell you if I were a senator I would be vastly different from most of them. I would be a senator for the common, working people. If I were a rich man, I should spend my money on the deserving poor. I would establish a national shut-in organization and make Uncle Charlie president. I want to win a starry crown in heaven, and I cannot think of a better way, than by helping God's poor suffering children, can you? God bless the readers of COMFORT, the paper itself, and the officials connected with it, one and all, they are doing a noble work, and will surely be rewarded by him who ruleth all things."

Mrs. Linden. Thanks for the card, and other favors.

Ernest Newman, Watkins, Minnesota. I cannot comply with your request.

Katie Lamb, Greenfield, Missouri, writes me: "I am seventeen, am an invalid. This month I am going to the sanitarium in Mount Vernon, Missouri, where they think I can be helped."

I am well with me, I can see heaven just over the way. I long to see my redeemer, he is waiting to welcome me. He is all the father I have ever known and oh! how I worship him, I can see him everywhere, will you pray for me and ask the COMFORT people to remember me in their prayers. I wish some of the young people would write to me, and cheer me up, tell them all, I will meet them in heaven. "May the god of heaven bless you, and keep you from all sin, and when you knock at the gate of heaven, may the angels let you in."

Dear little girl, Your hearts will all warm toward her. I trust some of the young people will write her while she is in the sanitarium.

Azubah Lee, Dunn, North Carolina, writes beautifully, a thoroughly good christian woman, cheer her up in her lonely life, her birthday is Feb. 24th.

Fannie. There is nothing prettier, or purer for a young mother than all white, when receiving her first calls with the little new born infant in her arms, it is a picture for a painter. I can imagine

you with your golden hair, clear complexion, with your white gown, if you wear any color let it be blue. Do not get a cradle, above all things, the up-to-date infant is never rocked or jostled about as of yore. Are you aware that infants are like some people, many of whom cannot sit in a rocking chair, hammock, or swing owing to nausea. I know of a case where a mistaken mother nearly killed her infant, by rocking it almost continually, as it cried and fretted all the time, and vomited, the physician at last investigated the case and stopped the everlasting rocking, and the child recovered. Rocking the baby has got out of style, together with the trotting, tossing up and down, and being handed about from one to the other of the family or friends, to be kissed, and petted; instead they are put into a basket bed, kept quiet, fed, bathed and dressed regularly, and unless there is some very decided physical debility or ailment, they grow up, healthy, sturdy and strong. Some of the good old customs and habits were all right, but times have changed and the customs and habits with them, and in many cases the world and the people are benefited. Accustom the child to the outdoor air, let it sleep outdoors, seeing of course that it is properly covered and protected. As others have written me on this same subject I trust this may do for all.

Mrs. Bolton. A good way to lengthen out a skirt for old or young is to cut the skirt about four inches from the bottom, and set in a strip of contrasting goods as wide as you wish, for a brown or broken plaid is a good combination, trimming the jacket or bodice with the same.

Oh! what a sad, sad story of sin, shame, and wickedness is shown in a letter received from a broken-hearted mother, whose only son, the boy, the baby, she had petted and reared, whose baby hands she had kissed and cuddled, have been raised against his mother, his mother; only think of it, she waits up night after night, listening, listening, for the uncertain, tottering step, at the door, oftentimes lifting her boy almost bodily and carrying him into the house. Oh, what sorrow, what suffering! She writes: "Oh! could I only see him dead, yes dead and cold, I would thank God on my knees." The cause you may ask? Cider, in the home. Some of our good, old New England farmers, are innocently helping on this work, perhaps God-fearing religious men, who would hold up their hands in horror at a drunken, reeling man, voting no license, oftentimes the straight prohibition ticket; in many cases they are responsible for the downfall of their own and their neighbor's sons. Wake up, think it over, many of them do not realize what they are doing. Word came to me, express what I feel for that unfortunate mother. I know that many hearts will ache when this letter is read. The temperance cause and religion must go hand in hand, without religion, temperance cannot work. Pledges have been signed by men with a pen dipped in their own blood, but without the strength of God they have not been kept. My dear friend, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, works with God, in reforming "Her Boys." Next month I am going to tell you of some of her good deeds, if room can be found in our dear old COMFORT, but there are so many of us to chat and talk, and tell of interesting occurrences, that you may have to wait a while. I want you all to know Mrs. Booth, one of God's noblest women.

Lillie Brabill. Thanks. I have not forgotten you.

To the one who sent me one dollar and ten cents in His name I certainly thank. God bless you whoever you are; the amount swelled my little fund to two dollars, with which I send at least a little ray of sunshine into the lives of some of our sufferers.

C. J. Kuyshal, 3165 Washington street, Jamaica Plains, Mass., writes me, "I have a niece of eleven for whom I would like to find a home, with good christian people."

Hurrah for Omaha. She boasts of the best bread maker, in the person of Miss Zola De-lecker of that city. Miss Margaret Koch, 3217 Gilbert avenue, Omaha, got the prize for the best pumpkin pie, find both these recipes in our valuable recipe column. We are indebted to Mrs. Nicholas Linden for the above statement and recipes. We surely owe these three ladies a vote of thanks. What's the use of buying cook books when we have the prize recipes of the state of Nebraska?

Our December number was filled with good things. There were many charity letters from our dear ones from Canada to Florida, Maine to California. What a family, we are and all so united, which we cannot say of all families. We do not need patterns, and directions for fancy work and economical gifts, so many papers publish these ideas, and you have to send to them for patterns and suggestions. COMFORT does not do business that way.

Mrs. Jessie Dobbins. Do take care of those little ones, fix up a place outdoors for them to sleep in, give them milk, eggs, cream, no pastry or cake, never mind the schooling, as the average schoolroom is a bed of disease, foul air, and gases. Dress them warm and comfortable, accustom them to cold baths, tone up their dear little bodies, and the tuberculosis will probably disappear. I know what it is to have a loved one with that disease, but we are fighting it with the above rules and treatment. God bless you dear, and do not think that the children must have the disease because you have, the doctors of today do not believe in those things, so cheer up, write me if you like. Above all things do not dose with medicine, it does no good, look for the cause, and remedy that.

So many have written me wishing my description. Only imagine, "J. A. D." with red hair, blue eyes, five feet high, and weighing two hundred pounds, my principal occupation is chatting with the COMFORT readers, there you are. I thank you all for your gifts, and kind remembrances to both the shut-ins and myself, many of the former cannot thank you even by letter, though they would like to, but many of them pray for our COMFORT family.

Mrs. Linden wishes me to state that her heart is with the shut-ins, but she cannot do for all. Please do not write her for further aid, her dear kind hands are filled to overflowing.

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE.)

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been interested in reading many of the letters which appear each month and I should enjoy hearing from any of the band, especially the mothers of little boys and girls. I will answer all. My own home is brightened by the presence of two darling little boys, one four years old, the other seventeen months.

My baby is a very delicate child, and I have been almost a prisoner at home since he was born. I will not trust him to the care of others. I get lonely with just the little ones, as my husband is a bridegroom and often away. Letters are like a voice from the outer world, the true loving thought of a friend.

I was especially interested in the pleasant letter from a sister in Kansas City, Mo., as my home is here, just over the river. It is all one big city really, but under two different state governments. I have lived here about two years but I have been forced to be a stay-at-home, on account of family cares and do not know the city very well. It is a progressive city and has many beautiful buildings on the Missouri side. We lived on that side in one of the big apartment houses right in the heart of the business center for thirteen months. Where we are living now, on a quiet, beautiful avenue seems like country compared to that. Still, I have lived in cities most of my life and always grow lonely if I stay too long in a country place.

I will send some helping hints.

Did you know that if the water in which windows are washed is blue, they will polish much easier and stay bright longer?

Put gum camphor around the holes and haunts of mice.

After washing and thoroughly drying baby's white bear coat, comb it with an old, clean comb and it will be as silky as when new.

To cleanse gilt or brass, use ammonia and water.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



# Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." Lady Isabel fails to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter Rosamond her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother Raymond Vane becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison he wearies of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disfigured. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel in the guise of Madame Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him, never heard his voice. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she, too, should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes he loves her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

LADY Rosamond's sudden departure had not been noticed for the very best of reasons. Her grace the duchess, had been speedily called to another section of the drawing-room to welcome a new addition to her "dear five hundred." Lady Beresford was too much agitated over the dreadful miscarriage of her plans to do other than seek to hide her white face and still the reproaches of her conscience; and as for Isabel and Lord Lionel, they might have stood alone on a desert island for all they saw of the gorgeous scene about them, for all they knew or realized that there was a world beyond themselves. Therefore it was not a very difficult matter for Lady Rosamond to slip into the conservatory, unseen, nor for her absence from the scene to pass by unnoticed by the principal actors thereof.

Lord Beresford in a sort of ecstatic dream, had led Isabel to a rose-satin *tete-a-tete*, and thrown his six feet of splendid manhood into the tufted cushions in such a way that he could feast his eyes on the dazling lovely face that had charmed and enthralled him; his mother had established herself in a coterie of "highly wed, highly bred, and highly fed" dowagers, who held a court of exclusiveness under the rose-bowered arch of the oriel window; and the band stationed in the gilded gallery, where ferns and palms and great wildernesses of roses walled in the musicians, played a dreamy selection; while the guests promenaded under the gaslight and flowers; and Isabel, with her heart shining out of her eyes, leaned back and listened in "a trance of peace" to the thrilling murmur of my lord's voice.

"Why have you been hiding yourself, Miss Carlyle," his lordship asked presently. "Do you know I have been thinking of scouring the universe in search of you? If fate had not been kind enough to lead me here tonight, I should have been on my way to the Kentish coast tomorrow in the hope of again enacting that charming tableau of last April. Do you ever think of that night, Miss Carlyle?"

He said that with a breathless sort of eagerness, with such an earnest, hopeful, appealing tone, that Isabel's beautiful, dark eyes

fell, and a red-rose tint crept into her soft cheeks.

"I think of it—yes, my lord," she said sweetly. "I have thought of it very often. It was the first bright spot that relieved the dull drab of a very lonely existence, and I—that is—your face was such a—a perfect image of a picture I always like to remember that it impressed itself indelibly upon my mind. I should have known you had I met you in a wilderness a hundred years hence, my lord."

"Would you?" his lordship breathed rapturously. "Oh, you do not know how happy those words have made me, Miss Carlyle. I shall always like to remember that. Still you were more fortunate than I, for you had a picture to liken my face to and I had none. I never saw a face like yours—I never had an ideal face, nor an ideal woman. I had nothing to remember but you, yourself, just as I saw you looking up with the moon shining down upon you. I have tried to sketch that picture a hundred times but I always failed."

"Failed!" Isabel lifted her velvety eyes in childish wonder and looked at him as he spoke. "I did not know that you were Lord Beresford, but yesterday I heard her grace say that Lord Beresford was one of the very finest amateur artists in all England. How was it you failed then, in sketching so simple a scene as that, my lord?"

He was looking straight in her eyes, and he answered with a solemnity that robbed words of the gilded falsity of flattery.

"I failed because I could not draw a face that was one half as beautiful as yours, and I could find no model," he replied.

It was not a compliment—it was too sincere for that—but she let her shy eyes fall all the same.

"You are not wounded?" he asked earnestly. "When you know me be-er you will learn that I always speak my thoughts. I detest compliments. They are the food that hypocrisy offers to vanity. Between us there is no need for deceit. If I thought you plain I should tell you so, but I think you more beautiful than any woman I ever saw, Miss Carlyle, and I feel you will understand me better if I tell you that. Honesty and sincerity are the safest footing in this life, for where there is nothing hidden there is nothing to dread!"

They were strange words those—Isabel, pulling the ruby petals from a rose, and listening earnestly, thought so, even then; but in the days to come, how bitterly she remembered them, and how vainly she wished that they had terrified her then that she might have flown from Lord Lionel Beresford's life and shut out the miserable future.

"I should like to see some of those sketches," she said presently. "I should like to see how much of that scene you have carried in your mind's eye, my lord."

"They are at Ravenswood Court—I have not destroyed one, failures though they were," his lordship replied. "It would be the greatest pleasure of my life to see you standing under the roof of Ravenswood, Miss Carlyle. If you have no engagement for to-morrow—"

"I have no engagement, my lord."

"And you will come? Only say you will, and I shall be inexpressibly happy in showing you the sketches and taking you through my old ancestral home. Ravenswood court is one of the oldest houses in all England and I hope—nay, I am sure—you will find much to interest and delight you, there. Hark! they are striking up 'Le Reve.' Your tablet is blank for this waltz, Miss Carlyle. May I claim this dance, and will you come to Ravenswood tomorrow?"

He had half risen at the first chord of "Le Reve;" he bent down now until she could feel his breath stirring the soft tresses on her brow, and all the earnestness of his heart rang its changes through his voice.

"Will you grant me this waltz and come to Ravenswood tomorrow, Miss Carlyle?"

It was the time to shun him; it was the hour to fly and put Lord Lionel Beresford's face forever from her heart; it was the moment to shun him—before he became a part of her life—but there was no warning voice, there was no vague presentiment to stay fate's pitiful aim—and so, blind, and young, and happy, she went headlong to her doom.

"You may claim the waltz, and I will visit Ravenswood tomorrow, Lord Beresford," she said as she arose, but looking back on that moment through the days of the tragical future, Isabel Carlyle wished that she had fallen dead ere she spoke those words.

My lord, however, was in the seventh heaven of human happiness as they floated down under the glittering arches to the dreamy measures of "Le Reve," and the memory of that night sweetened many a bitter hour. They were the cynosures of all eyes as they whirled onward—"the very loveliest lady of the day, the very handsomest man in all England," my lord waltzing to perfection, the dark fairy on his arm seeming to float like a Spanish gypsy or an etherealized sylph, her golden gauze clinging about her like netted sunbeams, her perfumed hair touching my lord's cheek and tingling him to his finger tips, and her rich, dusky beauty baptized in sifting light.

The picture was complete. It wanted not even the dark shadow in the background, for while they danced and dreamed as lotus eaters dream, a figure all gleaming in milk-white satin and starry diamonds came through the conservatory doors, and pausing under an arch of gleaming lights, stood and watched them with feverish eyes and a hard, cold, pitiless smile frozen on her lovely lips.

It was Rosamond, Countess of Mount Severn.

She stood a moment watching them with half-closed eyes; her nostrils dilated, her lips quivering and her little hands clinched; then, without a word, she turned softly, and rustled across the floor to the oriel window where her grace had joined that "exclusive set." Brilliant, and bright, and gay my lady had been

before she entered the conservatory one brief half hour ago, but neither so brilliant nor so bright nor so gay as she was from the moment she came forth from it. My lady seemed to have imbibed the wine of bliss and gone mad with wildest rapture.

When the waltz was over, Lord Beresford slipped his partner's hand through his arm, and bore her over to the little court in the oriel window to introduce her to his mother. Her ladyship had been expecting it, she had taken refuge among her set to avoid it, but it had come at last, and her regal old face grew hard and white with pride.

"My mother, Lady Beresford, Miss Carlyle," my lord said, leading her straight up into the conservatory court, despite the uplifted brows of their graces the Duchesses of Kent and Essex, and the pursed up lips of the Princess of Peralte of "fair Italia." "Miss Carlyle of East Lynne, Lady Beresford, if you will permit me."

Madame la Comtesse "permitted him" with a frigid bow—cold and stately as a living iceberg.

"I am pleased to meet Miss Carlyle," with icy glibness. "But, *apropos*, Lionel, the Countess of Romore has just entered. Had you not better secure a place on her tablets before all the dances are engaged?"

It was a very polite stab, given with a velvet-wreathed dagger, but with one flash of his blue eyes, my lord forbade the attempt again.

See first page illustration.

"Miss Carlyle will honor Ravenswood Court at noon tomorrow, Lady Beresford," he said, with a quiet sort of warning that made her ladyship shut her pearly teeth and close her patrician lips tensely. "The invitation was extended by me, and I have led Miss Carlyle here in order that you may press it."

My lady understood that quiet voice well and although her soul rebelled, she had a masculine horror of "scenes," and with a frigid dignity stemmed the rising tide.

"Ravenswood Court will be honored by Miss Carlyle's presence," she said, calmly, just touching Isabel's hand with the tips of her fingers. "The Countess of Mount Severn will, of course, make one of the visiting party?"

The Countess of Mount Severn was of a noble race, you understand, and my lady could not quite condescend to entertain a solicitor's daughter alone. She turned to Lady Rosamond with a queenly dignity as she spoke, and Lady Rosamond smiled sweetly.

"I shall be pleased to do so, Lady Beresford," she said, softly. "Lady Isabel and I are inseparable companions—a sort of female Damon and Pythias, welded by a tie of blood."

"Indeed!" When Lady Beresford wanted to be mildly scornful, she always used that one word, and she looked at Isabel as she used it now.

"My mother was the Earl of Mount Severn's daughter," responded Isabel with queenly dignity, "and the 'Mount Severns' date their ancestry to a period of one hundred years previous to the creation of the Beresford earldom, if her grace's 'Peerage' is correct in detail. You will pardon me that I mention it, but the manner in which you spoke just now, led me to think that you were ignorant of the fact!"

It was a quiet stab, just as delicately given as my lady's own, for the girl's proud heart had read that regal conservative old countess as she would have read an open book, and passionate pride thrilled her rebellious heart and flamed its banners in her scarlet cheeks.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Lady Beresford deigned her no reply, but her cold, proud face grew as white as marble, for she knew she stood face to face with a woman whose pride was equal to her own, and at that moment there arose a barrier of ice between Isabel Carlyle and Lord Lionel Beresford's ambitious mother. To her dying day, Vivienne, Countess of Beresford, would remember that this unstart so citior's daughter had staid her ancestry, to her dying day she would recall that proud young voice reminding her that the Mount Severns were titled before the Beresfords were known even, and she would never forgive that—never, so long as they both should live.

She had drawn herself rigidly erect, her pale eyes were looking straight into the darkly beautiful face before her—the face that bore passion and pride on every tropical feature—and she knew that henceforth and forever, it was war to the uttermost between them. Two scarlet spots were blazing on Isabel's cheeks, a tempest of passionate pride was raging in her wounded heart, an heaven alone knows what bitter, scathing words she might have uttered had not his grace of Arleigh suddenly come upon the scene.

"A million pardons, ladies," he said laughingly. "Am I not wanted, Miss Carlyle? I have come to spirit you away for a moment or two and crave a boon at your hands. The music has ceased and we are dying for another song. The last was such a 'sop to Cerberus' that I make bold to ask for another."

"And I join in the prayer, Miss Carlyle," smiled Lord Beresford, lifting his bonny blue eyes to hers.

She looked at him and the hot flush faded out of her face immediately. She would show this proud old mother that half fashionable England could hang on the utterances of the woman she scorned; she would show her that the country solicitor's daughter was a match for the noblest ladies in the land; and would win the bluest-blooded lords to her side and scorn her—scorn the Countess of Beresford—even as she had been scorned. Yes, this and more. She would play fast and loose with her pampered darling, she would set herself to the task of winning Lord Lionel Beresford's heart, and then—then he should go to his proud old mother and tell her the country solicitor's daughter had rejected him.

In that brief moment, this was the thought that came into Isabel's mind, this was the work she set herself to do, and if ever a human being mapped out her own destruction, Isabel Carlyle mapped out hers then.

"I shall be happy to sing, your grace," she said sweetly. "If Lord Beresford will escort me to the piano, I shall endeavor to satisfy Cerberus with yet another 'sop'."

If Lord Beresford would escort her to the piano? She had chosen him in the very face of his grace of Arleigh, she had offered him the post of honor over all that brilliant gathering; and Lionel, Lord Beresford, would have walked to the block to win the guerdon of her choice.

He arose too happy to speak, and drew his hand through his arm. She made her

apologies to the ladies of the "exclusive court," shot that pale, proud mother a glance of triumph supreme, and turning, with all her golden tissues aglitter, she swept proudly down the room on the arm of the man whose love she meant to trample to strike his mother's pride.

All tender recollections of that moon-lit night on the channel were blotted from her heart; the fancy, that might so soon have drifted into worshipful love was thrust behind her. She would think of him henceforth, as a top to crush and fling away; she would recollect that his mother had scorned her, and she would return scorn for scorn to the uttermost limit.

She so resolved as she dropped down in her seat before the open instrument, and lifted her dark eyes to his in a smile that might have waked the soul of an anchorite; but there came to her no thought of what the step would cost her, no dream that the game of fast and loose might bring down a curse upon her.

"What shall I sing, Lord Beresford?" she asked with a smile that set his senses reeling. "Stay! There is Bach's arrangement of Tennyson's 'Lady Clara.' Place it on the rack. I think I prefer to sing that just now."

My lord opened the music and spread it before her. The flush had come back to her face, a feverish glitter filled her eyes; she dashed into the brilliant prelude with a reckless sort of joy, her eyes lifted once, met those of Lady Beresford, and then that pure sweet voice rolled out clear and rich as the notes of a flute.

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
I know you proud to bear your name,  
Your pride is yet no match to mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came,  
Yet I shall break for your sweet sake  
A heart that dotes upon my charms—  
A simple maiden in her bloom  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms."

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere.  
When thus she met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind.  
She spoke some unkind words to you,  
Indeed I heard one bitter taunt,  
That scarce is fit for you to hear;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the ease of Vere de Vere."

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a specter in your hall,  
The blot of shame is at your door—  
You changed a loving heart to gall,  
You held your course without remorse  
To make him trust his mother's worth,  
And last you spoke the cruel words  
And slew him with your noble birth!"

The song ended with a rich, sweet chord, the flushed, dark face looked at the other face all still, and cold, and white with pride, and Isabel arose from the piano. It was the signal of war, and Vivienne, Countess of Beresford, lying back in the cushioned depths of her chair, knew that, henceforth, all pity and tenderness were over between her and the girl whose pride she had touched.

So the long sweet night went by. Isabel led his lordship on until his heart and brain were whirling, and right and left she bestowed her glances and her smiles, till she stood the center of a court of nobles, the queen of queens, for whose smile every belle and beauty was deserted.

She waltzed with Lord Beresford and held her dainty little head haughtily erect as she floated by Lord Beresford's most unhappy mother, who almost swooned when she saw that her darling wore a blood-red rose in his coat—a rose plucked from the bouquet of the country solicitor's daughter.

The night slipped by like a dream, and dawn began to peep in through the sullen grayness of the Devon sky. Other beauties might look pale and worn and washed out in the light of day, but Miss Carlyle, after eight hours dancing, was as fresh and blooming as ever when my lord's carriage was announced and my lord's mother, wrapped in violet plush and swansdown, stood shivering and pale in the ragged light of day.

He came to say adieu, and Isabel received him with a bewildering smile.

"You will come to Ravenswood today?" he said, looking into her sweet, young face.

"I will come to Ravenswood today, Lord Beresford," she answered sweetly.

"And after that?"  
"After that—Lady Clydesmore's garden party tomorrow, Lady Clitheroe's kettle drum the next day, the flower show the next, and then—then one or two receptions before we go to London."

"And I may hope to see you in all those places, Miss Carlyle? You will not be angered if I come?"

"I will not be angered, my lord—why should I?" But see, Lady Beresford awaits you. Adieu, until noon, my lord."

He was holding her hand all this time. He stooped abruptly, pressed it to his lips, and so hurried into the dawnlight with his mother on his arm.

It was six by all the clocks in Arleigh Towers, and Joyce, waiting to disrobe her young charge, lay sleeping soundly in her chair, when something rustled past her and threw itself on the couch with a hard, dry sob.

Roused by the voice, Joyce sprung up and hastened forward.

There lay Isabel, face downward, her costly robe crushed beneath her, her jewels torn off and flung aside, her red, flushed cheeks buried in the pillows, weeping as though her heart would break.

"My lady, my lady! What is it?" gasped Joyce, dropping down on her knees beside her. "Lady Isabel, are you ill—are you suffering?" Isabel flung her off and sprang to her feet. "I'm a fool, that's all!" she said, gulping down a sob. "I wish papa had never brought me to Arleigh Towers—I wish he had taken me to London with him yesterday—I wish I were dead—I wish—Undress me Joyce, I am so tired—so tired!"

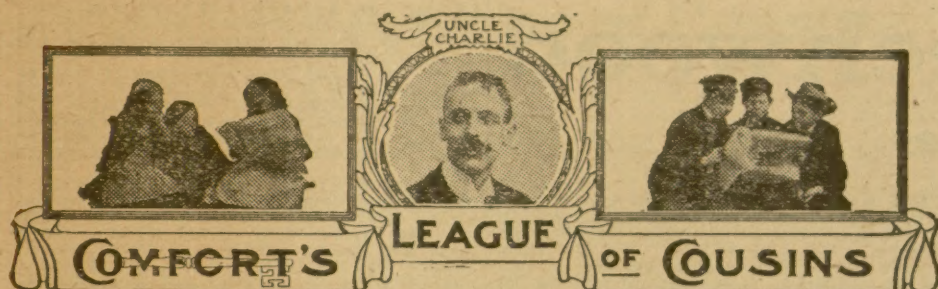
"Oh, my lady, what is it? Tell me—please tell me!"—pleaded Joyce, earnestly. "Dear child, how feverish you are. Your eyes are glassy, your face is flushed, and your hands—oh, Lady Isabel, they are like flame!"

"And my heart is like flame also," blazed Isabel, turning away with a sob. "Oh, I wish it had been any other man. I could have crushed another, but to trifle with him, I—Joyce,"—swinging round suddenly—"Joyce, make me positively beautiful this noon. Dress me like a queen, make me as radiant as a star, and—and—oh, Joyce, Joyce, I'm so unhappy. I am the wickedest girl alive."

"Oh, my lady, please tell me what it all means," reiterated the bewildered Joyce. "Are you really so miserable that you wish to fly?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)





**LEAGUE RULES:** To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**A**H, there my bunch of Valentines. Glad to see your smiling faces once more. Toby is sending a beauty bag for a valentine to Billy the Goat, for Willie to use when he wants to get a polish on his appetite. Maria polishes my bald spot every morning with a beauty bag and a stove brush, and the result is most entrancing. Toby and Billy are both candidates for membership in the Pretty Girls' Club, as we are all trying to make a mash on a bunch of valentines.

The financial crisis and money stringency has hit this section a fearful whack. We all had a cent apiece deposited in a snow-bank. The manager of the snow-bank said that if everyone would deposit a cent, it would be sure to make the banks strong. We had a terrible run on the bank the other day. I went down to the river, and broke the ice for my morning's swim. After I had got disrobed and got into the river, Toby and Billy the Goat swiped my wearing apparel and of course I jumped out of the water and chased after them. If you had seen me running along the edge of that river, you would have seen the greatest run on the bank you ever saw in your life. Toby hocked my clothes for three cents and went on a spree with it. But putting that enormous amount of money in circulation saved the nation. The financial stringency was at once relieved, depression vanished, hard times skidded, and Uncle Charlie once more saved the nation. The only trouble is, I'm minus clothes; my only wearing apparel is a coat of paint, and pants to match. I have been living in a barrel for three weeks, and I don't like it, as it is full of nails that point inwardly and scratch like the old scratch. It's too airy a suit for this zero weather and I course I've got a cough, and every time I cough that barrel hoops. Kind of a hooping cough. Still I'm having a barrel full of fun.

You're all of course anxious to know what kind of a valentine I want. I'll tell you at once. I want you to get seven one year's subscriptions to COMFORT, and earn my book of poems. Listen to this letter from cousin Mrs. Dolly Sertier, Central, Mo.: "As a premium for getting seven subscriptions for COMFORT I received your book of 'Uncle Charlie's Poems'. I am delighted with the book, and would not part with it. We love to read it, and I wish you could hear us laugh." That is what they all say. We have twenty-one thousand members in the League now, and I want each one to work for that book. By so doing you'll bring two hundred thousand new members into the COMFORT family at scarcely an effort to yourself, and you'll have the dandiest book on the market for your pains, and when you have done this I will be able to shed my barrel, and live in a real pair of pants, with a coat of wool, instead of paint.

Grand news! I wrote John Gordon whose pitiful letter was in our November issue, to stir the Omaha papers up and make them print the story of his sufferings. One of them did so, and the story was no sooner in print than a lady phoned that she'd give the three hundred dollars necessary to build John a little house. Now all that our appeal has brought him will go to make him comfortable. Isn't that dandy? If the press of the United States did its duty and drew the attention of its readers to worthy cases of distress and suffering, half the misery in the world would be quickly relieved. It is publicity we want. All the suffering is kept in the background, and the people are glad of it—they don't want to be reminded of unpleasant things, and they jolly themselves into believing there is neither poverty nor sickness in the world because it is kept out of sight. If every house contained a John Gordon with a broken neck the papers would not mention it, nor the public notice it. But directly the truth gets out and a tale of distress is brought to public notice, big-hearted souls are ever ready to extend a helping hand. It is publicity we want, and fortunate men and women must be taught their duty to their more unfortunate brothers and sisters. The new religion is "The service of those who love in the cause of those who suffer." This is putting Christ's teaching into practice. There is no other religion acceptable to God but this.

I've been deluged with letters—lovely letters too, and if you'll all hop onto my lap we'll read a few.

LEON, IOWA, Oct. 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a jolly Hawkeye girl of twenty-one summers, have brown eyes, brown hair, am five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds. Well I guess you all have a faint idea how good looking I am, so I will write about something else. I live in the southern part of the state close to the Missouri line. We people almost have to be showed. There is nothing of any interest here to write about except that Decatur county is building a new Courthouse. It is a fine one, will cost the county seventy-five thousand dollars.

Well uncle, as some of the rest of the cousins are sending you some nice poetry I will send you one of mine, that I composed. You may pick it all to pieces, and then put it back together again, but don't let Billy chew it all at once. I got my membership card and button all O. K. Well I guess I will move on as I see some of the cousins looking as though they thought I had stayed too long. Your niece,  
IMOGENE ROCK (No. 19,123).

### The Peaceful Life.

The sun is shining brightly,  
The sky is blue and fair,  
The birds are singing sweetly,  
And sweet the balmy air,  
All nature now reposing,  
The pulses throb and bound  
As by the brook we wandered,  
And listen to its sound.

As by that brook we wandered  
Upon that summer day,  
As hand in hand we wandered,  
And listen to the thrushes thrilling lay,  
Our hearts were light and care free,  
And bright our future look,  
As hand in hand we wandered  
Beside the babbling brook.

The future still looks brighter  
As we near the river's tide,  
Our hearts still grow the lighter  
As we wander side by side.  
Our children now have left us,  
But we are happy still,  
In the love our children give us  
As we wander down life's hill.

Imogene, I am glad your county has a new Courthouse, but I think they spent too much money on it. If they had spent \$70,000 on the building and given me the odd \$5,000 I would have taken it without a murmur. Imogene, your contribution of "pottery" is far superior to that usually sent in by the League "Pots". From this you may know that you are a superior Pot, and a more poetic Pot than the average Pot. First let me congratulate you on the choice of a subject. "The Peaceful Life" is very fine. I had pea soup for dinner, and I too am living the peaceful life. Your first verse is very good, though I think you are very foolish to get wandering near a brook. When you are near a brook never wander, but walk with care, or you are liable to fall in and get drowned. I don't want to be critical dear, but you wander too much in your poetry. You wander three times in the second spasm. If you had varied matters by sitting down once in a while it would have saved some leather, and improved the poetry. I am somewhat astonished to hear you, a young lady of twenty-one say "Our children all have left us." You must have accumulated a family quite early in life Imogene, and from the fact that they have all left you I infer that they have the wandering disease as well as you. Evidently wanderitis runs in the family. In your second spasm you go all pieces as regards meter and rhythm, but you have one lovely line: "Listen to the thrushes thrilling lay." Now do you mean to tell me that you can go out into the woods and hear the thrushes lay? I have no doubt laying is quite a thrilling experience for a thrush, but I doubt if it would thrill anyone else. Never mind, Imogene, you have done remarkably well, and if you quit wandering, and stand still a few moments, the cousins will decorate your fair brow with the laurels or immortality.

WREN, OREGON, Oct. 14, 1907.

DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE:

Since I joined our League it seems as if I were acquainted with people all over the world. When I last wrote to you, I was living near Morris-town, Tennessee, now I am in Western Oregon. We live in Kings Valley, fifteen miles northwest of Corvallis, which is in the Willamette Valley. The great Oregon Agricultural College is at Corvallis, also a fine public school.

We left Morris-town the 26 of March, 1906, arrived at Corvallis, April 1. We came by the Rock Island and Pacific Railway to Ogden, then took the Oregon short line to Albany.

We saw lots of pretty scenery, saw the great plains of Kansas and Colorado, with their large herds of cattle, and bands of ponies and little prairie dogs, that would bark at the train as we passed by. As we passed through Colorado Springs we saw Pike's Peak towering 14,147 feet above the sea-level and through the Rocky Mountains we saw the Royal Gorge and the swinging bridge across it, which is something over 12,000 feet high.

Came through Salt Lake City and saw the great lake, also the Mormon churches. Ogden was as pretty a place as we stopped at, we stayed there nine hours.

I like the West real well, but there is a vast difference between the West and the East. It is very rainy here in the winter, but the summers are all that anyone could ask for and pretty flowers send forth their fragrance to greet you in the early morning.

While I like the climate here and the summers better than in Tennessee, I can't say but what I like the clear frosty mornings and occasional snows of the South, better than the rainy winters here.

They have fine schools here, I would like to go to school for I haven't been since I was thirteen years old. I keep house for papa while my sisters and brother go to school. I study some at home when I have spare time from my household duties.

Uncle Charlie, you just ought to see what an industrious little niece you've got. I've tended the garden this summer and taken care of things at home while my father and brother were away at work. Papa bought him a ninety acre ranch and it has a large eleven room house on it. I have papered three rooms of it alone this summer and have canned ninety-four cans of fruit. We have a nice orchard, consisting of apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, and three kinds of prunes, we have some nice apples now.

Uncle Charlie, you must come to see us in our far western home sometime, and I will feed you on nice fruit and we'll go fishing. There is a nice little creek runs along back of our house, that has a few fish in it.

I wish to thank the cousins for writing me so many nice letters last spring. I received one hundred and ninety-eight letters after my letter was printed in the COMFORT, January, 1905. I could only answer a very few of them, although I would like to have answered them all. Since we moved I have lost all trace of those that I did answer. Perhaps they have changed boarding places also. I am twenty years old.

Uncle, the men folks milk the cows here, the women don't milk only just sometimes through the summer.

Some of the people laugh at me because I do the milking and call me a "squaw." Now I don't think it any disgrace to do the milking if I want to, do you uncle?

We had a nice time while we were at the hop-yard we took our tent and camped out. I made \$22.00, everyone said I did well as I had never done it before.

By by, with lots of love and best wishes, I remain, lovingly your niece,  
MAMIE NETA BATLESS (7,077).

I know you will all be glad to hear from Cousin Mamie, who has moved from Tennessee to Oregon. Many will doubtless remember her. Mamie, I'm glad you're comfortably settled in Oregon. I tried farm life out there myself some years ago, but it rained so much, the only crop I got was rheumatism, and the only thing I raised was an umbrella. To tell you the truth I was raising umbrellas all the time. You say, Mamie, that you made \$22 at the hop-yard. Do they pay you to hop in Oregon? How many times did you have to hop to get \$22? I hopped all over Oregon, hopping over puddles with an umbrella up most of the time—and I never got a red cent for it, while you get a wad of money that would choke a cow. Why do they pay you to hop, and what is their object in engaging you to go into the hop-yard and hop? I knew a man who made frogs hops into beer, but I don't see how they could make beer out of girls hops. I'm in a hopeless muddle Mamie over this hop business, and so I'll hop off, and wait for you to enlighten us. With three kinds of prunes in your garden you all ought to keep reasonably full of prunes.

Toby is full of prunes all the time, but my opportunities for filling up are few and far between. As regards milking cows, I know little. I was told cows gave milk and so I asked a cow to give me a quart of milk last summer for two hours steady, and she never gave me a thing except a swish of her tail, whereat I told her she was no lady. I've found out since that cows do not give milk, but you have to take the milk from them. Whether it is a proper thing for a lady to milk a cow or not I can't say. It's one of those things that only a cow should be called on to decide, as she is the most interested party anyway, and I don't see that it is any of a man's darned business. Mamie I admire you. You're one of those angels who make this world almost heaven. I have sung your praises before. When mother died you took her place in the home, and you've accomplished wonders and have done nobly. God bless you. You are as far above those crack brained, overdressed, empty headed, cold-hearted, indolent society girl idiots, as heaven is above earth. What a contrast between your life and theirs! Your light surely has shone before men and women, and your works have been seen by them, and your example has rolled as sweet incense to the very gates of heaven.

CAMBRIDGE, R. I., 1, Md., Oct. 23, '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

There is a great extent of marsh-land in the lower part of this, Dorchester county, which is frequented by wild ducks and geese.

Oysters, crabs, fish and terrapin, abound in the rivers. The income from the oyster catch alone is one million dollars or more a season.

Uncle Charlie, come down and bring the cousins and I will feed you on fried oysters, devil crabs, and mananose soup.

Cambridge has a population of nearly six thousand inhabitants, and is situated eighteen miles from the mouth of the great Choptank river. It has a fine water front and is built on level ground extending to the water edge. There are several large packing houses, grist and lumber mills and shirt factories here which employ a good many people.

In the central and upper part of this county corn, wheat, tomatoes, potatoes and fruit are raised. Uncle Charlie I am a farmer's daughter and the oldest of seven children so you may know I can work! I like to work in the field as well as in the kitchen, but had rather feed and tend to our horses and cows. They are all like pots.

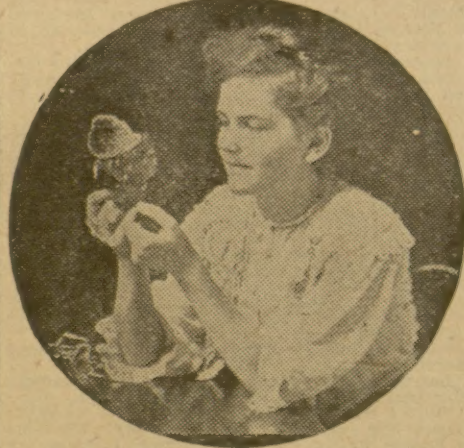
I have dark brown hair, brown eyes and rather dark complexion. I am only five feet four inches tall, so you see it did not take much of a jump for eighteen summers to pass over my head.

If Billy the Goat will spare this letter I will send him a carload of oyster shells for his Christmas dinner.

I will close hoping to receive a letter or postal from every cousin. Your loving niece,  
MAGGIE M. LOWERY.

P. S.—Uncle Charlie, I have a sister May that is only five feet tall and measures thirty inches around the waist. Would you like to hug her?

Maggie a million dollars for catching oysters is a lot of money. I don't see why anyone should get a million for catching an oyster or two. Oysters can't run, any fool could catch them. Do you get all the million dollars, Maggie, or do you have to divide with the bunch. I think I will accept your invitation, Maggie, and come down and dine with you on fried oysters, but I draw the line at mananose soup and devil crabs. I don't want any man's nose in my soup, thank you, and I de-



COUSIN MYRTLE YOUNG,  
Merrill, Wis.

cline to let a devil crab loose in my pie parlor. I'm rather careful of my diet, dearie, thank you. I'm living on boiled hyacinths, chrysanthemum soup, and fried wind just now. The latter is a very nice dish, after it's skinned and the bones and fat removed. The Choptank River must be a poetic stream. Some poet must have evolved that exquisite romantic name.

Oh, Maggie my heart it begins to expand. When I think of you dear, down in fair Maryland, and my life I'd fain pass with you, dear, for ever, Eating mananose soup by the Choptank River.

Excuse the "iver" dear—I had to coin a word to rhyme with river, as the only words that do correctly rhyme are shiver and liver, and I would not like to put such a horrid thing as liver in a love poem. I remember once meeting a sweetheart of mine. She had been to the market to get a pound of liver for supper, and she was carrying it in a piece of

paper, but the paper was not half as large as the liver. When we met I noticed a beautiful radiant blush diffusing her usually pallid cheek. I felt that that blush was just a message of joy telegraphed by her heart to her cheek at meeting me. "I see you're blushing dear," I said, "is that a blush of love for me?" "No," she answered coldly, "that ain't a blush at all, that's only the reflection from the liver!" STUNG! I! Would I like to hug Sister May? You bet I would. That thirty inch waist offers no obstacles to me. I could hug a section at a time, and get round it before the year was out. I like a sensible waist like May's. Women who squeeze their infernal organisms into eighteen inch belts give me a pain as well as themselves. There's plenty of room for mananose soup when you've got a thirty inch waist, Maggie. Cambridge is a fine place, but oyster beds and shirt factories are a fierce combination. I suppose the oysters put on the shirts from the shirt factory when they go to their beds. Great idea. I guess the summers could at a pinch get over your head without using a step ladder.

CROMWELL, WASH., Oct. 25, '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I think quite a few cousins would be interested to hear about the evergreen state, where we only see snow a few days of the year; the rest of the year it is green all over, summer and winter. You ought to be here on Puget Sound rowing along the beautiful shores of the blue waters of the sound just before the sun is setting in the evening, and look at the grand mountains on both sides of the sound. On the west is the massive Olympus mountains, while on the east side we have the grand old Mt. Tacoma (Rainier) which is one of the highest in the United States, it is 14,544 feet high, and faces the city of Tacoma, the biggest shipping port on the sound. Tacoma will soon have six railroads from the east which will make a good connection between the east and the west. Tacoma has an inhabitants of 100,000. Tacoma is growing the fastest of any city on the sound. Tacoma is now building fifteen and twenty story buildings, which is a sign of a great future city. Tell the cousins to write to me. Your loving nephew,  
B. L. BERTSON (No. 9,683), Cromwell, Wash.

Bert, or Ben (which is it?) I am glad to hear such good reports of your Sound country. In fact I am glad to hear that it is in a sound condition. I am glad your state is evergreen. I have heard that the snow in Washington is also green, but can hardly believe it. Bert says, "Tacoma will soon have six railroads from the East." Well, Bert that is the first time I ever heard of a city buying railroads in the east, and shipping them in, tracks, rails, road, bed, and all. A city that can do that is certainly all to the good. Tacoma has vastly improved since I was there. In the olden times it was "Take home a wash," now it seems to be "Take home a railroad." Bert says that Tacoma is growing faster than any city on the Sound. If a city can grow on sound, it is more than I can. When I was a boy and did not behave they used to lock me in a room at meal-times, and ring the dinner bell outside the door, just to make me feel good, and the music of the bell was all I had to eat. That was living on sound with a vengeance, and I didn't like it for shucks. I hope the stories they are putting into those big buildings are all interesting. I suppose Bertha M. Clay, and Mary J. Holmes put in the first two stories, and Laura Jean Libby drops a couple under the roof. Doubtless all are love stories. If they are not, they ought to be, for with a dozen gay, young stenographers on each floor, there will be plenty doing in the love line. Personally, I think it is an outrage they should build these business blocks of stories. It gives the story writers all the business and we poets can't butt in at any stage of the game. Why don't they erect a building of twenty poems instead of stories, and let me supply the poems. I'll guarantee if they put twenty of my poems one on top of the other, no earthquake could ever move them, they will keep the tenants in good humor too for the rest of their lives. Tacoma has 100,000 "inhabitants" I suppose that is some new kind of a bug infesting the city. Try roach powder on 'em Bert. What with "inhabitants," "inhabitants" and "inhabitants" our cities must be having a fierce time and the inhabitants must be in despair, or in desoup.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Sept. 21, '07.

I am a Missouri girl. Have brown hair, gray eyes, am five feet six inches tall, and am twenty years old. And besides being afflicted with all that, I have a very keen sense of the humorous. And I think that is why your replies to some of the cousins, appeal to me so strongly.

Find enclosed twenty cents for which please send me a League button, membership card and COMFORT for one year. I think the C. L. O. C. is the life of COMFORT.

Uncle Charlie I have read your biography, and really you ought to be happy because you are the means of bringing happiness to so many poor sufferers.

I will now tell you something of myself. I know you are just brimming over with curiosity to hear it. To begin with, I went to school until the winter I was seventeen when I taught one term of school. Since then I have been employed at a powder factory.

Oh no I am not a bit afraid. I suppose that is what you are thinking, because every time I tell anyone where I am working, up go their hands in horror, and yell: "Aren't you afraid you will get blowed up?"

We do not work near enough to the powder to be hurt if there should be an explosion. There are six of us girls who work together and we just have the jolliest time. We make the shells which contain the powder. There are three shell machines with two girls to each machine, sometimes we make as many as 60,000 shells per day. We begin work at 7:10 in the morning, and work until 5:30 in the evening, and have twenty minutes in which to eat dinner.

I always try to send a dime to some of the shut-ins every month. Of course it is only a trifle, but there are so many of the cousins that if they would all do the same, they could help a great deal. Don't you think so uncle?

I hope all the cousins will write to me, and I will try to answer all letters.

Your loving niece and cousin,  
LENORA BLAND, Carthage, Mo.

Lenora, I'm very glad to hear from you and I am very much interested in the powder factory. What kind of powder do you make, face powder, baking powder, or tooth powder? What kind of shells do you put it into, clam shells, oyster shells, or egg shells? You are a clever girl to make 60,000 shells per day. I know a hen who makes one shell a day, and she thinks that is as much as any lady rooster ought to do, and I agree with her. We have women running powder factories, we have women lawyers, doctors, merchants, pilots, we have women who can sing, act, dance, write, and we even have women who PAINT. Ain't that extraordinary? I know several ladies who can paint. I don't approve of the habit, I think a woman has a cheek to paint. I'd better quit or I'll lose that one hair. Lenora,  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



# The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepsabab Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physician orders a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepsy Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hepsy isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home.

## CHAPTER V.

### MILLY MEETS LAWRENCE THORNTON.

THE fact that Milly had dared go up to Beechwood and claim Judge Howell as her father, did not tend in the least to improve her situation, for regarding it as proof that she would, if she could abandon the gable-roof, Aunt Hepsy became more unamiable than ever, keeping the child from school, and imposing upon her tasks which never could have been performed but for Oliver's assistance. Deep and dark were the waters through which Milly was passing now, and in the coming future she saw no ray of hope, but behind that heavy cloud the sun was shining bright and only a little way beyond, the pastures lay all green and fair.

But no such thoughts as these intruded themselves upon her mind on the Sabbath afternoon when, weary and dejected, she stole from the house, unobserved even by Oliver, and wended her way to the river bank. It was a warm November day, and seating herself upon the withered grass beneath the sycamore, she watched the faded leaves as they dropped into the stream and floated silently away. In the quiet Sabbath hush there was something very soothing to her irritated nerves, and she ere long fell asleep, resting her head upon the twisted roots, which made almost as soft a pillow as the scanty one of hen's feathers on which she was accustomed to repose.

She had not lain there long when a footstep broke the stillness, and a boy, apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, drew near, pausing suddenly as his eye fell upon the sleeping child.

"Belongs to someone of the Judge's poor tenants, I dare say," he said to himself glancing at her humble dress, and he was about passing her by, when something in her face attracted his attention, and he stopped for a nearer view.

"Who is she like?" he said, and he ran over in his mind a list of his city friends, but among them all there was no face like this one. "Where have I seen her?" he continued, and determining not to leave the spot until the mystery was solved, he sat down upon a stone near by. "She sleeps long; she must be tired," he said at last, as the sun drew nearer to the western horizon, and there was still no signs of waking. "I know she's mighty uncomfortable with her neck on that sharp point," he continued, and drawing near he substituted himself for the gnarled roots which had hitherto been Milly's pillow.

Something the little girl said in her sleep of Oliver, whom she evidently fancied was with her, and then her brown head nestled down in the lap of the handsome boy, who smoothed her hair gently, while he wondered more and more whom she was like. Suddenly it came to him, and he started so quickly that Milly awoke, and with a cry of alarm at the sight of an entire stranger, sprang to her feet as if she would run away. But the boy held her back, saying pleasantly:

"Not so fast, my little lady. I haven't held you till my arms ache for nothing. Come here and tell me who you are."

His voice and manner both were winning, disarming Milly of all fear, and sitting down as he bade her do, she answered:

"I am Milly—and that's all."

"Milly—and that's all!" he repeated. "You surely have some other name! Who is your father?"

"I never had any, Judge Howell says, and my mother put me in a basket, and left me up at Beechwood, ever so long ago. It thundered and lightninged awfully, and I wish the thunder had killed me before I was as tired and sorry as I am now. There's nobody to love me anywhere but Richard and Oliver, and Richard, I guess, is dead, while Oliver has crippled feet, and if he grows to be a man he can't earn enough for me and him, and I'll have to stay with grandmother till I die. Oh, I wish it could be now; and I've held my breath a lot of times to see if I couldn't stop breathing, but I always choke and come to life."

All the boy's curiosity was aroused. He had heard before of the infant left at Judge Howell's, and he knew now that she sat there before him—a much-abused, neglected child, with that strange look upon her face which puzzled him just as much as it had many an older person.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Where do you live, and who takes care of you? Tell me all about it," and adroitly leading her on, he learned the whole story of her life—how since the woman died she once thought was her brother she had scarcely known a happy day. Old Hepsy was so cross, putting upon her harder tasks than she could well perform—beating her often, and tyrannizing over her in a thousand different ways.

"I used to think it was bad enough when I thought she was related," said Milly, "but now I know she isn't no right, it seems a hundred times worse—and I don't know what to do."

"I'd run away," suggested the boy; and Milly replied:

"Run where? I was never three miles from this place in my life."

"Run to Boston," returned the boy. "That's where I live. Cousin Geraldine wants a waiting-maid, and though she'd be mighty overbearing, father would be good, I guess, and so would Lillian—she's just about your size."

"Who is Lillian?" Milly asked, and he replied: "I call her cousin, though she isn't at all related. Father's sister Mary married Mr. Velle, and died when Geraldine was born. Ever so many years after uncle married again and had Lillian, but neither he nor his second wife lived long, and as father was appointed guardian for Geraldine and Lillian, they have lived with us ever since. Geraldine is proud, but Lillian is a

pretty little thing. You'll like her if you come." "Should you be there?" Milly asked, much more interested in the handsome boy than in Lillian Velle.

"I shall be there till I go to college," returned the boy, "but Geraldine wouldn't let you have much to say to me, she's so stuck up, and feels so big. The boys at school told me once that she meant I should marry Lillian, but I shan't if I don't want to."

Milly did not answer immediately, but sat thinking intently, with her dark eyes fixed upon the stream running at her feet. Something in her attitude reminded the boy a second time of the resemblance which had at first so impressed him, and turning her face more fully towards him, he said:

"Do you know that you look exactly as my mother did?"

Milly started eagerly. The old burning desire to know who she was, or whence she came, was awakened, and grasping the boy's hand, she said:

"Maybe you're my brother, then. Oh, I wish you was! Come down to the brook, where the sun shines, we can see our faces there and know if we look alike."

She had grasped his arm and was trying to draw him forward, when he dashed all her newly-formed hopes by saying:

"It is my stepmother you resemble; she that was the famous beauty, Mildred Howell."

"That pretty lady in the frame?" said Milly, rather sadly. "Widow Simms says I look like her. And was she your mother?"

"She was father's second wife," returned the boy, "and I am Lawrence Thornton of Boston."

Seeing that the name "Lawrence Thornton" did not impress the little girl as he fancied it would, the boy proceeded to give her an outline history of himself and family, which last he said, was one of the oldest, and richest and most aristocratic in the city.

"Have you any sisters?" Milly asked, and Lawrence replied:



"I WALKED IN, AND I'VE COMED TO STAY."

"I had a sister once, a good deal older than I am. I don't remember her much, for when I was five years old—that's ten years ago—she run off with her music teacher, Mr. Harding, and never came back again; and about a year later, we heard that she was dead, and that there was a girl-baby that died with her."

"Yes; but what of the beautiful lady, your mother?" chimed in Mildred, far more interested in Mildred Howell than in the baby reported to have died with Lawrence's sister Helen.

Lawrence Thornton did not know that the famed "starry eyes" of sweet Mildred Howell had wept bitter tears ere she consented to do her father's bidding and wed a man many years her senior, and whose only daughter was exactly her own age; neither did he know how from the day she wore her bridal robes, looking like a very queen, she had commenced to fade—for Autumn and May did not go well together, even though the former were gilded all over with gold. He only had a faint remembrance that she was to him a playmate rather than a mother, and that she seemed to love to have him kiss her and caress her fair round cheek far better than his father. So he told this last to Milly, and told her, too, how his father and Judge Howell both had cried when they stood together by her coffin.

"And Richard," asked Milly—"was Richard there?"

Lawrence did not know, for he was scarcely four years old when his stepmother died.

"But I have seen Richard Howell," he said; "I saw him just before he went away. He came to Boston to see Cousin Geraldine, I guess, for I've heard since that Judge Howell wanted him to marry her when she got big enough. She was only thirteen then, but that's a way the Howells and Thorntons have of marrying folks a great deal older than themselves. You don't catch me at any such thing, though. How old are you, Milly?"

Lawrence Thornton hadn't the slightest motive in asking the question, neither did he wait to have it answered; for, observing that the sun was really getting very low in the heavens, he arose, and, telling Milly that dinner would be waiting for him at Beechwood, where he was now spending a few days, he bade her good by, and walked rapidly away.

As far as she could see him Milly followed him with her eyes, and, when at last, a turn in the winding path hid him from her view, she resumed her seat upon the twisted roots and cried, for the world to her was doubly desolate now that he was gone.

"He was so bright, so handsome," she said, "and he looked so sorry like when he said 'poor little Milly!' Oh, I wish he would stay with me always!"

Then she remembered what he had said to her of going to Boston, and she resolved that when next old Hepsy's treatment became harsher than she could bear, she would surely follow his advice and run away to Boston, perhaps, and be waiting-maid to Miss Geraldine Velle. She had

no idea what the duties of waiting-maid were, but no situation could be worse than her present one, and then Lawrence Thornton would be there a portion of the time at least. Yes, she would certainly run away, she said; nor was it very long ere she had an opportunity of carrying her resolution into effect, for as the weather grew colder, Hepsy, who was troubled with rheumatism and corns, became intolerably cross and one day punished Milly for a slight offense far more severely than she had ever done before.

"I can't stay—I won't stay—I'll go this very night!" thought Milly, as blow after blow fell upon her uncovered neck and arms.

Then as her eye fell upon the white-faced Oliver, who apparently suffered more than herself, she felt a moment's indecision. Oliver would miss her—Oliver would cry when he found that she had gone, but Lawrence Thornton would get him a place as chore boy somewhere near her, and then they would be so happy in the great city where Hepsy's tongue could not reach them. She did not think the money would be needed to carry her to Boston, for she had been kept so close at home that she knew little of the world, and she fancied she had only to steal away to the depot unobserved, and the rest would follow as a matter of course. The conductor would take her when she told him of Hepsy, as she meant to do, and once in the city anybody would tell her where Lawrence Thornton lived. This being satisfactorily settled her next step was to pin up in a cotton handkerchief, her best calico dress and pants, for, if the Lady Geraldine were proud as Lawrence Thornton had said, she would want her waiting-maid to look as smart as possible.

Accordingly the faded frock and dimity pants, which had not been worn since the memorable visit to Beechwood, were made into a bundle. Milly thinking how she would put the dress on in the woods, where there was no danger of being detected by old Hepsy, who was screaming for her to come down and fill the kettle.

"It's the last time I'll do it," thought Milly, as she descended the stairs and began to make

deal too slow, and Milly had scarcely gone half the way to the Mayfield station, when she was startled by the shrill scream of the engine, and knew that she was left behind.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, "I can't go back, for maybe Hepsy's home before now, and she would kill me sure. My arms ache now where she struck me so hard, the old good-for-nothing. I'd rather stay here alone in the woods," and sinking against a log Milly began to cry.

Not for a moment, however, did she regret what she had done. The dreary gable-roof seemed tenfold drearier to her than the lonesome woods, while the winter wind, sighing through leafless trees, was music, compared to Hepsy's voice. The day had not been very cold, but the night was chilly and not a single star shone through the leaden clouds. A storm was coming on, and Milly felt the snowflakes dropping on her face.

"I don't want to be buried in the snow and die," she thought, "for I ain't very good; I'm an awful sinner, granny says, and sure to go to perdition, but I ain't so certain about that. God wouldn't be very hard on a little girl who has been treated as mean as I have. He'd make some allowance for my dreadful bringing up. I wonder if He is here now. Oly says He is everywhere and if He is and can see me in my tantrums He can see me in the dark. I mean to pray to Him just as good as I can, and ask Him to take care of me;" and kneeling by the old log, with the darkness all about her, and the snowflakes falling thickly upon her upturned face, she began a prayer which was a strange mixture of what she had heard at St. Luke's, where she had once been with Oliver, what she had often heard at the prayer meetings, which she had frequently attended with Aunt Hepsy, and of her real self as she thought and felt.

She began: "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners, for I know my own heart. I think I have made a new consecration of all that I have and all that I am since we last met, and henceforth I mean to—mean to—"

Here the mere forms of words left her, and the child Milly spoke out and told her trouble to God.

"Oh, Jesus," she said, "if you be really here, and if you can hear what I say, as Oly says you can, I wish you'd come up close to me, right here by the log, so I needn't feel afraid while I tell you how granny has whipped me so many times for most nothing, and never let me have a real doll or do anything else, and I've been so unhappy there, and wicked, too, and mad at her, and called her ugly names behind her back, and would to her face, only I dussent, and I've made mouths at her and wished I could lick her, and even in my tantrums been mean to Oly, and twitted him about his twisted feet, and pulled his hair and spit at him as fast as I could spit, and loved him all the time, and now I've runned away and the cars have left me when I was going in time to Boston to see Lawrence Thornton and be Miss Geraldine's waiting-maid, and it's dark and cold and snowy here in the woods, and I am afraid of something, I don't know what, and I can't go back to granny, who would almost skin me alive, and she ain't my granny either; some Maine woman sent me to Judge Howell, in a thunder storm and basket, and I'm nobody's little girl; so please, Jesus, take care of me and tell me where to go and what to do, and I'm sorry for all my badness, especially to Oly, for Christ's sake, Amen."

This was a very long prayer for Milly, who had never before said more than "Now I lay me," or the Lord's prayer; but God saw and heard the little desolate child and answered her touching appeal.

"There," she felt better and not so lonesome, already," she said, as she rose from her knees and groped around to find some better place of shelter than the old log afforded.

Suddenly, as she came to an opening in the trees, she saw, in the distance, the light shining out from the library windows of Beechwood; and the idea crossed her brain that she would go there, and if Judge Howell turned her off, as he did before, she'd go to Tiger's kennel and sleep with him. Milly's impulses usually acted upon, and she was soon traversing the road to Beechwood, feeling with each step that she was drawing nearer to her home.

"Widow Simms says I have a right here," she thought, as she passed silently through the gate. "And I almost believe so, too. Anyway I mean to tell him I've come to stay," and without a moment's hesitation, the courageous child opened the door, and stepped into the hall. Judge Howell sat in his pleasant library, trying to interest himself in a book, and a vague feeling of loneliness oppressed him, and as often as he read one page, he turned backward to see what had gone before.

"It's of no use," he said, at last; "I'm not in a reading mood," and closing his eyes, he leaned back in his armchair, and thought of much which had come to him during the years gone by—thought first of his gentle wife—then of his beautiful daughter—and then of Richard, whom he had cursed in that very room. Where was he now? Were the waters of the Southern seas chanting wild music over his ocean bed? Did the burning sun of Bengal look down upon his grave, or would he come back again some day, and from his father's lips hear that the old man was sorry for the harsh words that he had spoken? Then, by some sudden transition of thought, he remembered the night of the storm, and the infant left at his door. He had never been sorry for casting it off, he said, and yet, had he kept her—were she with him this wintry night, he might not be so dreary sitting alone.

"There they go!" said a childish voice, and as his gold-bowed spectacles fell to the floor, the Judge started up, and lo, there upon a stool, her hood and bundle on a chair, and her hands folded demurely upon her lap, sat the veritable object of his thoughts, even little Milly.

Through the half-closed door she had glided so noiselessly as not to disturb his reverie, and sitting down upon the stool at his feet, had warmed her hands by the blazing fire, removed her hood, smoothed back her hair, and then watched breathlessly the slow descent of the spectacles from the nose of the Judge, who, she fancied was sleeping. Lower, and lower, and lower they came, and when at last they dropped, she involuntarily uttered the exclamation which roused the Judge to a knowledge of her presence.

"What the deuce—how did you get in, and what are you here for?" asked the Judge, feeling in spite of himself, a secret satisfaction in having her there, and knowing that he was no longer alone.

Fixing her clear, brown eyes upon him, Milly answered:

"I walked in, and I've come to stay."

"The plague you have," returned the Judge, vastly amused at the quiet decision with which she spoke. "Come to stay, hey? But suppose I won't let you, what then?"

"You will," said Milly, "and if you turn me out, I shall come right in again. I've lived with Oliver's grandmother as long as I am going to. I don't belong there, and tonight I started to run away, but the cars left me, and it was cold and dark in the woods, and I was kind of 'fraid, and asked God to take care of me and tell me where to go, and I comed right here."

There was a big lump in the Judge's throat as he listened to the child, but he swallowed it down, and pointing to the bundle containing Milly's Sunday clothes, said, "Brought your things too, I see. You'll be wanting a closet, and a trunk to put them in. I reckon."

The quick-witted child detected at once the irony in his tone, and with a quivering lip she answered:

"They are the best I've got. She never bought me anything since mother died. She's just as cross as she can be, too, and whips me so hard for nothing—look," and rolling up her sleeve, she showed him more than one red mark upon her arm.

Sour and crusty as the Judge appeared, there were soft spots scattered here and there over

## CHAPTER VI.

### LAWRENCE'S ADVICE. A HAPPY RESULT.

Hepsy's clock, which was thought by its mistress to regulate the sun, was really a great

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)







# Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shiffrery and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm-swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twiterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wrote when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore.

## CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

"NEVER mind, old fellow. Our folks will make it all right with you," added the captain. "I don't like to say it, but I do think you were a little careless in this yack," said Job, timidly. "I dare say it looks so to you." "I was on the wind, and you were going free." "You are right, old man. You have all the law on your side." "But I don't want to go to law." "I don't think it will be necessary," laughed Captain Crackaway. "Our folks will do the right thing." "Do you think they will?" asked Job, anxiously. "Oh! I know they will." "I am clean ruined as the case stands now. If I don't get home, and pay off a debt I owe by Saturday, I shall lose my place, and I shan't have nothing at all left." "Don't worry about it, Mr. Seagrain. It will be all right in the end." "I hope it will. You see it wasn't my fault. I couldn't get out of your way no more'n nothin'. I don't see what you was thinking about. I kinder thought you did it on purpose." "No; we didn't, old man. We have big bowels of compassion, and we wouldn't have slipt your oysters, to say nothing of tripping you and the lad into the drink. Do you see this stick?" said Captain Crackaway, as he picked up a piece of firewood which lay on the deck. "I see; and it looks as though it had been jammed in something," answered Job. "We have patent steering gear," continued the captain, as he raised the hatch in the standing room, and pointed to the machinery under the wheel. "You see how it works. This stick was wedged in among those cog wheels and bars so that we couldn't move the rudder a hair to port. We had a lot of extra firewood stowed in there, and I suppose that stick worked into the machinery and made itself felt at just the wrong time." "I see just how it was," said Job. "It must have rolled in there when we tacked coming out of the Kill Van Kull," said Job. "We didn't find out what the matter was till we had made a mile after the smash-up." "What was the girl doing out on the bowsprit?" asked Charlie. "She sits out there half the time when we are under way; she likes to see the water dashing on the bow. I reckon she will be willing to stay on deck after this. I didn't see her go overboard, for I was at work on the wheel. I don't think anybody saw her go, for most of the hands were in the waist hauling in the foresheet. Besides, I thought you would tack before we came up to you." "It's all clear enough now," added Job. "What's the name of this yacht?" asked Charlie. "The Fanny. She is named after the young lady you saved," replied the captain. "And she is the daughter of the gentleman I saw?" "Not exactly, but it's all the same thing. She's an adopted daughter, but I believe they think more of her than they would if she were their own daughter. The yacht is owned by Richard Lynmore, of the firm of Vanderwent and Lynmore; perhaps you have heard of them." "I never did," replied Charlie. "Not I nuther," added Job. "Then you don't know much about New York merchants. There is a big concern, and the partners have piles of money. Why, they have to lay awake nights to think how to spend their incomes. Mr. Lynmore and his wife have no children of their own, so they adopted Miss Fanny; and I want to tell you she is the prettiest and best girl in the United States. I don't care who the next one is. She will have Mr. Lynmore's money when he don't want it any longer." "Who is the young man I saw?" inquired Charlie. "He is Mr. Fred Lynmore. He's a nephew of Mr. Lynmore." The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the owner of the yacht, who came on deck attended by his nephew. "How is Miss Fanny, sir?" asked Captain Crackaway. "She is doing well, and is quite bright now. Where are the people from the schooner that was sunk?" asked Mr. Lynmore. "This is the young man, sir," replied the sailing-master, pointing to Charlie. "My young friend," said the merchant, extending his hand, "you have done nobly. I am satisfied that you saved the life of my daughter." "I don't know about that, sir. I tried to do the best I could," replied Charlie, taking the offered hand. "I hope she is better than she was." "Much better; she is quite comfortable now. She wishes very much to see you and thank you in person for the very great service you have rendered to her." "I shall be very glad to see her, but I hope she won't feel under obligations to me," added Charlie, blushing. "I had to go overboard when the schooner sank under me, and, of course, I couldn't do less than lend her a helping hand. She behaved better than girls generally do when they tumble overboard—for I saw one in the water a year ago in the Narrows." "She was so chilled that she says she could do nothing. She swims very well under favorable circumstances. This is your father, I suppose," added Mr. Lynmore, glancing at Job. "Yes, sir." Job took off his hat, and bowed low to the rich man. "I am under very great obligations to your

son," said Mr. Lynmore, taking the old man's hand. "He ain't exactly my son, you see, but it is all the same thing. His parents were drowned, and I brought him up." "No doubt you brought him up well, for he is a noble young man." "Well, I did the best I could with him," stammered Job, awed by the presence of the rich merchant, who "had to be awake nights to think how to spend his income," and Job had a feeling that he could relieve him of some of his perplexity, on account of his swelling revenues. "His name?" "Charlie Seagrain, sir." "Charles!" prompted the owner of the vessel. "And you have lost your vessel, Mr. Seagrain," added the merchant. "Yes; and the finest lot of oysters that ever went into New York market," replied Job. "How much was your vessel worth?" "I wouldn't have sold her for less than fifteen hundred dollars, and I couldn't get another I like as well for more money," said Job, anxiously. "It wasn't my fault that she was run down." "You are quite right, Mr. Seagrain. It was not your fault, and I will make your loss good to you at once." "Thank you, sir," exclaimed Job, with a gush of joy, as the picture of ruin in the future suddenly receded and disappeared. "Do you want another vessel?" inquired the merchant. "Sartin, right off; for we have a bed of oysters to get to market." "I know of the best schooner of about twenty tons that ever floated," interposed Captain Crackaway. "She was built for a yacht, and a rich oysterman bought her for his own use, and fitted her up for the business. She is just the thing." "We will go to the city and see her at once. I will buy her for him, if she suits Mr. Seagrain." "Thank you, sir," gushed Job. "Now how much were your oysters worth?" asked the merchant. "I hoped they would fetch two hundred dollars; they were a fine lot, sir." "I will pay you three hundred, if that will satisfy you." "You are too good, sir!" But Job thought that the merchant had to be awake nights to study how to spend his income, and it would be cruel not to let him have his own way. By this time the yacht had reached her moor-

approached the beautiful girl. He looked at her once, when he was abreast of the mainmast. He was as bashful as a schoolgirl, and fixed his eyes upon the deck. He was tempted to turn around and beat a retreat; for he felt as though he would rather face a northeaster, out of sight of land, than stand up before, and talk to the "vision of loveliness," which was probably in part only a vision. Charlie was believed to be seventeen years old, and he had not yet taken his ballast aboard for the voyage of life. Skies are bluer, clouds more golden, and girls prettier at that age, than at any other period of a man's existence. Doubtless, Miss Fanny was suffering from the same malady. "Mr. Charles Seagrain, this is my daughter, Miss Fanny Lynmore," said the merchant. Charlie heard the words, and raised his eyes from the deck. He looked at Miss Fanny, whose bright smile electrified him as she extended her little hand to him. "I am very glad to see you, Miss Lynmore," replied he, as he took the proffered hand, and really felt as though he wanted to fly up and seat himself on a white cloud that was floating across the blue sky. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Seagrain," she added. Mr. Seagrain! He wondered if she didn't mean Job. "Mrs. Lynmore," said the merchant, presenting the elderly lady. She gave him her hand. "We can never thank you as we ought for your noble conduct," continued Mrs. Lynmore. "I hope you won't try," laughed Charlie. "I got overboard when our vessel went down, and, of course, I couldn't do less than lend your daughter a helping hand." "You speak very lightly of it, young man; but all who saw your brave deed agreed that Fanny would have been drowned if you had not assisted her," added Mrs. Lynmore, as she wiped away the flood of tears which came when she thought of the agony of the moment when she saw her daughter in the water, and knew that the yacht was hurrying away from her. "My dear fellow, I am very glad to know you," said Fred, as he held out his hand. Charlie shook hands with him, but he had a feeling that Fred did not mean more than half he said, for there was something very stiff and supercilious in his tones and manner. "Now, Mr. Seagrain, I must try to express my obligations to you," said Miss Fanny, coming up to him again, and presenting that little hand once more. "I beg you will not, Miss Lynmore," protested Charlie, blushing like a red penny, and able to bestow only one glance upon her. "I must try, really; but how can I. Life is very sweet to me." "I should think it would be," stammered Charlie, whose head was full of golden harps and fluttering wings. "It is indeed, and when I felt the chill of the dark waters, I was paralyzed with cold and fear, and in my mind I said farewell to life, but

afraid I shall never get out of hot water. Do you live in that house on the hill, Miss Lynmore?" "I do," laughed she. "We live there in the summer, and in the city in the winter." "It's a very fine house," added Charlie, gravely. Mr. Lynmore had directed the sailing-master to get under way. The jib rattled up the stay, the moorings were cast off, and the Fanny darted off on her course. The movement turned the attention of Charlie from the house, and he began to talk about the yacht. She was a beautiful craft. He had seen such yachts, but he had never been on board of one before. He wondered what the cabin was like. "Haven't you been into the cabin, Mr. Charlie?" asked Fanny. "Not yet; I did not know that they allowed outsiders like me to go into the cabin," replied Charlie. "Indeed! You can go anywhere in this yacht that you please and in that beautiful house, too. I hope you will come and stay a month with us sometime," she continued. "I hope you will," interposed Mrs. Lynmore. "Thank you, Mrs. Lynmore," replied Charlie; "you are very kind to ask me; but I don't think I should feel at home in such a fine house." "I should be very glad to have you come," added Mr. Lynmore. "I think we should be able to make you feel at home." "You will come—won't you?" pleaded Fanny. "I don't know; I will think about it." "You must come. Now we will go into the cabin." She led the way below, and Charlie's eyes opened as he beheld the magnificence of the cabin. He had never seen anything like it before, and in the simplicity of his heart he expressed his admiration, without thinking that he was displaying his "verdancy," which is the worst of crimes in polite society. Fanny enjoyed his raptures, and conducted him through the cabin and staterooms, which were as elegantly furnished as the drawing-room of the beautiful house on shore, with real pleasure. When he had seen the whole interior of the yacht, she led him on the deck again, and they walked forward. Mr. Fred Lynmore vainly endeavored to secure a share of her attention, but the fair girl would hardly look at him, while she smiled unceasingly upon the hero of the day. Mr. Fred looked worried at first, and then he appeared to be disgusted. More than once as he followed them, he muttered something about a "greeny." "Now, I want to ask you ever so many questions," said Fanny, as she led him to the fore-castle of the yacht. "You are not going out on the bowsprit again—are you, Miss Lynmore?" asked Charlie. "No; I think not again," replied she, with a silvery, ringing laugh, "though, as you are on board, I suppose you would pull me out of the water." "I should certainly try to do so; but I hope you won't get overboard again." "I shall not if I can help it," and she sat down on the heel of the bowsprit, inside of the bulwarks.

## Thanks from COMFORT'S Publisher

### DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS:

I thank you for your prompt and hearty response to my New Year's call which appeared in the January number of COMFORT.

My thanks are due for the host of renewal and new subscriptions you have showered upon me the past month, and for your many kind expressions of appreciation and approval of COMFORT and of personal good will and encouragement to me, which are highly gratifying and touch my heart in a tender spot.

When you write, I like to have you tell me just what features or departments of COMFORT interest you most, as this helps me to develop and strengthen the paper along the lines most acceptable to its readers. Some of your letters last month contained valuable suggestions which I hope to realize for the improvement of COMFORT.

Because of the increased cost of labor and material many of the magazines and monthly papers have raised their subscription price, some as much as 50 per cent., while others, like COMFORT, have announced an advance in the near future.

Very many of our subscribers have been wise enough to renew during the last two months for two years for 25 cents. Until March 31 we will receive subscriptions or renewals at the present low rate of 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years. On and after April 1, 1908, our subscription rate will be 20 cents a year.

If your subscription expires any time before this year it will pay you to send in 25 cents now and have it extended two years beyond date of expiration. I regret that increased cost compels me to advance the price.

Again thanking you for your substantial aid and moral support, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

ings. The barge was lowered and manned to convey the ladies to the shore.

"If you will excuse my daughter till she has changed her wet clothes, she would like to see you," said Mr. Lynmore. "She will go up to the city with us."

"Certainly, sir," replied Charlie, as he retreated to the fore-castle.

He saw Miss Fanny, muffled up in shawls and waterproofs, handed into the boat by her father. In an hour the barge returned, and the lady was elegantly dressed as she came up the steps. He was sent for immediately and with his heart beating wildly, he walked with Captain Crackaway to the quarter-deck.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BELLE OF THE BAY.

Miss Fanny Lynmore looked like a new being as she tripped up the accommodation steps to the deck of the yacht. She was followed by her foster father and mother, and Mr. Fred Lynmore, the latter of whom attempted to assist her out of the barge, but she had leaped from her seat to the platform, where the tall sailing-master stood ready to receive her.

"Where is he?" asked she, as soon as they reached the deck.

"I'll find him," answered Captain Crackaway.

She glanced eagerly about her in search of the young man who had rendered her such an important service. Of course, she knew by this time that he was a poor boy, the son of an oysterman; but she seemed to be none the less desirous to see him.

After she went into the cabin she had declined to meet him until she was in presentable condition. Mrs. Lynmore thought she was overfastidious, since the young man was only an oysterman, and had already seen her in her dripping garments and soaked tresses.

Charlie saw her in the boat, and saw her as she danced out of the barge and up the steps. Of course, there were pretty girls in Oslip, and pretty girls came there from New York to spend the summer; but he had never seen one in Oslip, or anywhere else, who was worthy to be compared with Fanny Lynmore, now that her auburn locks were dry, and her dress was in proper condition. It was not at all difficult for him to see in her an angel of loveliness, and even to believe that she was a pearl from paradise. It was not exactly a new idea either, for he had seen and admired her as she sat on the bowsprit of the yacht, and had then a dreamy thought of the most beautiful being that had ever gladdened the eyes and warmed the heart of a mortal man. He was revelling in such fancies when the crash of the collision brought him down from the clouds, from the warm regions of dreamland, to the cold waters of the bay.

His heart beat wildly as he followed the sailing-master to the quarter-deck of the yacht. Somehow he felt like a fly in a honey-pot as he

you have given it back to me," she continued, shaking the brown hand she still held in both of her own. I love my father and mother, oh, ever and ever so much—I can't tell you how much—and you have given them back to me, and given me back to them."

There were tears in her eyes, but smiles on her pretty face.

"I—I didn't know anything about that," replied Charlie, when she paused from the violence of her emotions, and he felt the necessity of saying something.

"If you had known it, you could have done no more. You cannot know how much you have done till you can measure the depth of my love for my father and mother," she continued.

"And ours for her," added Mrs. Lynmore.

"I cannot tell how much I owe to you, Mr. Seagrain," Fanny proceeded, releasing the brown hand she held to wipe away the tears that were blinding her; "my heart is weighed down by the debt of gratitude."

"I think we had better pump it out then," exclaimed Charlie, terribly oppressed by the trials of the situation.

Fanny laughed heartily at the idea, and so did the merchant and his wife.

"It can never, never be pumped out. It is full and overflowing."

"Well, I'm sorry. I feel almost as badly about it as you do," said Charlie, beginning to gather a little courage; "and I'm afraid you will flood my tear suppers if you keep on."

"I don't feel badly," protested Miss Fanny.

"Why do you cry, then?"

"My tears are tears of joy. I shall always think of you with gratitude."

"You are very kind, Miss Lynmore. If you are so grateful, perhaps, you will do me a very great favor," added Charlie.

"Certainly; I would go around the world to serve you."

"I don't ask that."

"What can I do for you?"

"Please don't say another word about this business."

"Won't you let me thank you, if I can."

"I have been thanked almost to death now. If you keep it up, I shall have to jump overboard, to cool off," replied Charlie, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"I will not say another word about it, Mr. Seagrain," laughed she.

"My name is Charlie, and everybody calls me Charlie."

"You have put me in a vice, Charlie, and I shall feel pinched all the time, if I am not permitted to express that which fills my heart."

"I don't feel as though I had done anything particular, and it makes me feel as if I were in a fuss about it."

"I will have pity on you, then," added Miss Fanny. "The bravest and noblest people are always the most modest, and like least to be praised."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Charlie. "I'm

CHARLIE SEATED HIMSELF ON A COIL OF THE CABLE, OPPOSITE TO HER, AND BY THIS TIME HE WAS ABLE TO BEAR THE RADIANCE OF HER BRIGHT EYES.

"Now, I want you to tell me all about yourself. Father said your father and mother were lost in a wreck," said she.

Charlie answered all her questions, and told her all he knew about himself; how much he had been to school, how many books he had read from the Oslip library, how many fish he had caught, and how many oysters he had raked. He did not hesitate to say that he lived in a dilapidated old house, and he did not try to make it appear that he was any different from what he really was. Fanny appeared to be charmed with him, and all the time she looked earnestly into his brave, handsome face, and read there the expression of nobility and manliness, which played about it. Perhaps it was all gratitude on her part; and then again, perhaps, it was not. Mr. Fred Lynmore paced the deck, with his dissatisfaction evident in his looks and manner. He had views of his own, as before suggested. They were not particularly noble and generous, as might have been expected from one bearing the honored name of Lynmore. He was nearly twenty. His father who was a clergyman, had died several years before.

Fortune had not been so kind to him as to his brother. He had married a lady whose temper was hardly sweeter than that of Betsy Ann Seagrain, though it vented itself in a refined, but not less tormenting manner. She was ambitious to occupy a high social position, and in the country she had enjoyed this distinction, but in the city, whither her husband was called, she could not shine among the magnates of Fifth Ave. She complained of her hard lot till the Rev. Mr. Lynmore was worried into his grave, though the world never knew it, and called his malady consumption. The widow had no income, but her wealthy brother-in-law purchased a house in New Brighton, near his summer residence, for her, and settled a liberal allowance upon her—a sum equal to the salary of her late husband.

Mr. Lynmore was generous to his brother's widow, and her visits to his house were not very enjoyable occasions. Fred was more like his mother than his father. At first when he was

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# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**F**EBRUARY is our genuine winter month; if you would be healthy, well and strong enjoy as much invigorating outdoor fun as you can. In December, also in January, I suggested some fascinating outdoor sports and hope you are all enjoying them.

## Chariot Sleigh

In the cold regions of the north one may see many queer types of the home-made sleigh. While traveling a few weeks ago I encountered the contraption herewith described and it struck me as being so odd and ingenious that I at once decided to tell my COMFORT boys about it. The pictures show everything so clearly that little description is necessary. The passenger part is made of a vinegar barrel sawed as shown and braced on the inside with bands of metal. Two staves, bent slightly upwards serve for the runners. The under framework to which the runners are attached may be made of scantling. In putting together long screws are preferred to nails. When finished paint the chariot bright red.



## Preserving Wood

There have been many methods of preserving the sunken part of fence posts exploited and no other perhaps is as satisfactory as the following: Before putting the post down it should be thoroughly seasoned, then the part that is to go in the ground should be charred in a fire and dipped in boiling tar. This is calculated to make the post everlasting. Another method is to mix linseed oil and ground charcoal and paint the wood. Both of those are well worth the trouble they involve, but we cannot hope for uniform results in different states because, climate, elevation, and soil have much to do with the life of any material.

## Geography Puzzle

Can you tell what three geographical places these familiar looking objects are shaped? It is not a mere resemblance either but the exact likeness. The only hint we offer as to



what they represent is, that the best help in solving this puzzle is a map of the world. Look in the BOYS' CORNER next month for the answer.

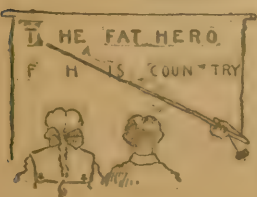
## Secret Ink

Muriatic acid, which is cheap and readily obtainable, makes a good invisible ink if diluted with a little water. It should be kept in a glass bottle and stoppered with a cork that has been dipped in wax. A quill is the best to write with but a common steel pen will do. Write on white paper and after drying, the paper will appear to be perfectly blank. In order to bring the characters out expose the sheet to the heat of a lamp. This must be done within two weeks after writing. It is great to send notes by this method and parties and social events may be founded on it. One good plan would be to have each boy draw a previously prepared card from a bunch upon which girls' names had been written. It would then devolve upon him to entertain the lady whose name he drew. In leap year the girls can do the drawing.

## Playing Shadow

If you want to spend a very pleasant evening get a lively crowd together and play this game. Place a lighted lamp in the rear of a room and a couple of feet forward suspend a sheet from the ceiling, drawing it tightly across the room. The actors behind the screen go through various gestures and these by the aid of the lamp are projected upon the sheet. With a little practice any historic tale or nursery rhyme can be cleverly enacted and will prove very interesting to the spectators. By jumping over the lamp the shadow will appear to have gone through the ceiling.

## A Patriotic Mix-up



The matter with this sentence is that the words are run together and the spaces put in at queer places; the letters are all arranged properly. If you put it in right shape you will read a sentence often applied to George Washington. See if you are patriotic enough to solve it. The answer will be published in next month's COMFORT.

## Poisonous Plants

We often read with wonder of poisonous plants and shrubs in far-off tropical countries but apart from the poison ivy we hardly ever hear of the dangerous nature of some of our own American flowers. Take for instance the foxglove, how many know that its berries, stalks and flowers are all deadly poison. The juice of it introduced into the human blood would cause the heart to stop beating in a short time. The lily-of-the-valley contains prussic acid which dropped upon a little cut or scratch would produce painful swelling, accompanied by nausea. If the sap of the mar-

guerite got into your eyes it would blind you. Columbine is too, a rank poison, while hyacinths and daffodils are capable of causing great injury to the skin.

## Winter Fishing

Most fish are just as active in the winter as they are in the summer and may be caught as easily. Where fish abound plentifully you can catch them by making a hole in the ice and spearing them as they pass. Another way is to watch them through clear ice and with a heavy hammer strike directly over them. This stuns a fish and it will rise belly up and continue to float. Before it recovers you can break a hole in the ice and dip them out. It is said that Indian cockle mixed with flour dough and sprinkled on the surface of still water will intoxicate fish and cause them to rise to the surface, when they may be lifted into a tub of fresh water and revived.

## Nosebleed

A good cure for this unpleasant ill is to bend over a basin with your hands raised as high as possible, and while in that position have someone sponge the back of the neck with cold water. The old-fashioned remedy of putting a cold key down the back is as good as any. When the bleeding is very profuse and of long duration hold the nostrils gently between the finger and thumb, and apply ice to the head. If this fails to check the bleeding you should immediately send for a doctor.

## Rapid Multiplication

The complement of a number is that number which added to it will make it 10, 100, 1,000, or any multiple of 10. The complement of 93 is 7, of 96 is 4. To find the product of these 93-7 two numbers multiply the complements 96-4 together and for the other two figures subtract across either the 7 from 96 or the 4 from 93. The example at the left shows the method clearly, first we multiply the 4 and 7 and write down the product 28, then we subtract the 4 from 93 and put down that result 89. As explained you can if you wish subtract the 7 from 96 and the result would be the same. If you once thoroughly learn this rule you will be able to beat anyone in your class multiplying those bulky numbers in the nineties.

## A Winter Trick

Here's a winter trick that illustrates the principle of regelation. That means the melting and almost instantaneous refreezing of ice. Get a large flat piece and suspend it in a wire loop from a broom that has been placed across the backs of two chairs. The ice directly under the wire will melt and the wire will be pulled through the chunk, no matter how thick it is. If you arrange it in the manner shown at night when you get up in the morning the ice will be deposited on the floor, the wire having cut right through it. Still the ice will not be in three pieces because when the fine particles of water are formed they are forced up over the wire and again freeze. Try this experiment and show your friends what a scientist you are.

There are many interesting subjects this month which should amuse and instruct you all. I must say good by now; be good boys, everyone of you. Truly yours,

Your Uncle John.

## Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

old enough to consider the subject, he regarded Miss Fanny, the adopted daughter, as an obstacle in his path. Her foster-father, it was understood, would leave his property to her, or at least the bulk of it. But his second thought was that she was a beautiful girl, and if he could win her, he could capture the entire fortune. For a year he had believed he was making progress in that direction—in fact, he held to this opinion on the morning that the Fanny ran down the schooner Betsy Ann, and sunk her. These were Mr. Fred Lynmore's views.

Miss Fanny had always been very kind to him, as she was to everybody. Now this young oysterman had suddenly "taken the wind out of his sails," but he consoled himself with the hope that Charlie would go back to Long Island, and that in a few weeks Fanny would forget her obligations to him.

While Miss Fanny and her new friend were conversing on the fore-castle, Mr. and Mrs. Lynmore were talking about Charlie on the quarter-deck. The merchant's impression of the young man was very favorable and he inquired particularly into his past history and his education. His learning was not extensive, though he understood common arithmetic very well, and wrote a good hand.

"He's a bright boy, Mr. Seagrain," replied Job. "Oh! I know that as well as the next man," replied Job. "He's worth his weight in gold." "But it's a great pity to have him raking oysters, and doing the meanest drudgery when he is capable of better things," added Mr. Lynmore. "He has as true a head as I ever saw on a boy's shoulders. Then he is dignified and manly, and when he has done a good deed, he doesn't want to be praised for it."

"But him into a store, and you will soon discover what he is good for," replied Job, sadly. "He's a smart boy, and does a good deal of my thinking for me."

"But you must think of the boy's good. It is hardly right to keep a young fellow of his ability scratching for oysters."

"I don't know as 'tis," mused Job; "but I should hate awfully to part with him." "Well, you needn't part with him for any great length of time. He can go home every Saturday and stay over Sunday."

"I can do that," replied Charlie. "I think we can give him a place in our store soon. We have a young coxcomb that I intend to discharge, for besides being insufferably vain, I'm afraid he isn't honest."

"Charlie is honest as the day is long," replied Job. "I will speak to you about it again, for I should like to have him in our establishment, where I can keep a lookout for him. I am very much interested in the young man, and I see that Fanny is also," laughed the merchant.

Perhaps she was really more interested in the young man than he suspected, though it is quite certain that she only regarded him as one of the noblest and bravest of friends. She was only seventeen years old, and her ideas were not so progressive as those of Mr. Fred Lynmore. If she had ever thought of love and marriage at all, it was as things in the distant future, inevitable to the lot of women.

Captain Ben Crackaway ran the yacht up North River, and anchored her off a pier a mile or so above the Battery. He pointed to the vessel, of which he had spoken, in the slip. The barge was lowered, and Mr. Lynmore, Job, Charlie, and the sailing-master embarked in it. Job and Charlie examined the model and exterior of the craft with critical eyes. It was evident that she would sail faster than the Betsy Ann, for her bow was sharp, and her lines were as graceful as those of the Fanny. Outside, she was all sight, and Job was satisfied that she was a stiff, weatherly vessel. They went on board to inspect her capacity and accommodations for a crew.

She was considerably larger than the Betsy Ann, but she drew less water and could not carry as large a cargo. She had a cookroom forward, and her cabin was fitted up very conveniently and very handsomely. Captain Crackaway knew when and where she was built, and was willing to vouch for the quality of the stock, and the fidelity of the workmen.

Job and Charlie were both delighted with her; and the old man declared that he had never ex-

pected to possess so fine a craft. The owner was present, and declared that three thousand dollars was cheap for her. The bargain was closed, and the bill of sale was given to Job.

Mr. Lynmore gave his check for the amount, and handed the old man another for three hundred dollars, in payment for the oysters, which had been "planted" off Staten Island.

"God bless you for this, Mr. Lynmore!" exclaimed Job, as he gazed with an expression of amazement at the figures on the check. "You have made me the happiest man in the world. I shall save my place now."

"Your boy has done more for me and my family than I can ever pay him for, Mr. Seagrain," replied the merchant. "I shall always be glad to serve you. You must come and see me as you pass the island. I am at home all the time, except a few hours in the middle of the day."

"I'll stop there the next time I come along with some of those oysters. I want you to see just what they are," replied Job. "I suppose we are all ready to run for home now."

"You must go on board the Fanny again before you start. If you want the money for that check, I will send up for it."

The man who had sold the schooner offered to cash the check, and Job felt as rich as a merchant prince, when he put it in his pocket.

The barge pulled back to the Fanny, and on the way Job told Mr. Lynmore about his troubles with Squire Peter Shimmetry, and how happy he was in being able to pay the bill.

"I must take off this uniform now," said Charlie, as he went on board.

"No; you needn't," interposed Mr. Lynmore. "It belongs to the yacht, and Billy Button shall have another."

"Thank you, sir," replied Charlie, as Miss Fanny, abandoning Mr. Fred Lynmore—much to the disgust of that gentleman—hastened to meet him.

She said a great many pleasant things to him, and was content to let him go only on his promise, ratified by Job, that he would call at the beautiful house on Staten Island in a few days, as soon as they could gather another cargo of those oysters. The old man and Charlie shook hands with all the party; and as the barge bore them back to the new vessel, Miss Fanny watched the hero till he was out of sight.

"Well, Charlie, this ain't a bad day's work after all," said Job, after the barge had left them on the deck.

"Not at all," replied Charlie. "I think you will be able to hold your head up when you meet Squire Peter."

"No doubt, and I call late Betsy Ann 'I'll open her eyes when I show her bills. Creation! Charlie! with the brick company and the oysters I shall be a rich man."

"All right, governor, but you must be careful, for the reason a property is worse than adversity for man's soul," added Charlie, who only feared that Job would take to drinking again.

"I'll be keeful night and day, my boy. I won't drink a drop, for I know just what you mean—even if I have the stomach ache. Not a drop, Charlie. Trust the old man just this once, and if he fools you, don't trust him no more."

"I will, governor, and may God help you to be true to yourself," added the young man solemnly.

"Amen!" exclaimed Job, earnestly.

It was necessary to purchase a supply of provisions and stores for the vessel, and in the course of an hour they were all stowed in the cookroom forward. Then they hoisted the fore and mainsails, hauled out of the dock and got under way. The wind was fresh and fair for the voyage, and Job took the wheel, while Charlie went below to get dinner. As soon as it was ready, he went on deck to relieve the old man.

"By the way, Charlie, did you mind what the name of the craft was?" asked Job. "I never thought on't afore."

"I did, and it fits our case exactly," replied Charlie.

"Why, what is it?"

"The 'Belle of the Bay,'" laughed the young man. "It must have been named after Miss Fanny. Lynmore."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# Danderine

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The following is a reproduction of Miss Lewis' last letter:

January 3, 1906.

Dear Doctor Knowlton:—

You know I told you in my first letter that all of my hair would not reach much below my shoulders, and that all of it together only made one tiny braid.

I am sending you my photograph, which I had taken at Stevens Bros. It tells the whole story better than I can tell it.

Everybody I know is using Danderine, so you see I am doing something to show my appreciation.

Sincerely yours, (Miss) EVA LEWIS.

Danderine makes the scalp healthy and fertile and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp fertilizer and therefore the greatest hair-producing remedy the world has ever known. It is a natural food and a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a 25c bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

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Latest Photograph of MISS EVA LEWIS  
2572 Hamilton Avenue, Chicago



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## What I Know About the Milk Diet

**A**S I announced last month I am going to tell you in this issue of COMFORT all I know about the wonderful, beneficial effects of the milk diet and how I regained my health and my friends say had beauty come to me just by drinking pure milk.

To be possessed of the much talked of "peaches and cream" complexion is the desire of every normal woman's heart but owing to their ignoring the rules of health, very many of the feminine sex find it hard to obtain. Now, I am going to tell you the way to gain the clear skin, glowing with the rosy hue of health, the bright eyes, the rosy lips, and the contented mind that make the woman who possesses these attractions beautiful to her friends, her family, and herself. It is very easy to do my dears, and I know you will be more than pleased with the results. Furthermore, it has the merit of being extremely inexpensive. Here's the secret, girls, so come close and let me whisper in your ears. Drink milk!!! Yes, I know you are all surprised, but to drink milk, lots of it, is, in my opinion, a straight road to beautyland. Will you take it or do you insist upon traveling along on that very rough little path of yours that leads to—well, I won't tell you, because I'm merciful, but after a steady diet of fried foods, cakes, pies, rich gravies and sauces, not forgetting the deadly pancake, take a looking-glass and therein you will see where the path you are now on leads to. It won't be too late then for you to come back to the straight and narrow path, but it means a great deal of hard work and mental discouragement, although right here I want you to remember that there is nothing to be discouraged over, as you can gain a beautiful complexion by just a little thought and care.

Now to resume my talk on milk. I've tested this diet and I know what it will do, as I've practically lived on milk for over four years and I know that it brings health and beauty in a greater or lesser degree to anyone taking it. Four years ago I was the most miserable girl in all the United States, or so I thought, and it wasn't merely because I was thin to an execrable degree, that my eyesight was failing me, that my skin was as brown and dry as wrapping paper and that I was most unbecomingly beautiful to look upon. No, although these things were sufficient to make any girl unhappy, yet my troubles were of a more serious nature, if anything is more serious in the eyes of a young girl than complete loss of beauty and charm. The state of health that had caused the above, had also, most unkindly, bestowed upon me rheumatism of an aggravated type, so that about two thirds of the time my arms were drawn up almost to my shoulders and I suffered intensely from the pain. No one who has not had rheumatism can ever have a faint idea of the pain that accompanies this disease. But I am not through yet with my list of complaints. In addition to the rheumatism extreme anemia had set in, owing to the thin and impure quality of my blood, and this caused my nerves to become entirely deranged and many, many nights have I wasted, waiting for the good sound slumber that never came.

I really think now, looking back over it all, that the ones most to be pitied were my family, as my nerves were so completely upset that the slightest noise would cause me to cry frantically for an hour. Of course this was something that I could not help but nevertheless it must have been very dismal for my friends and relations. Also I am afraid I cried for less reasonable cause. For instance, if anyone came in to make a pleasant call and cheer me up, perhaps it was slightly disconcerting for them to have an ordinary, everyday remark such as "Have you read such and such a book" or "What lovely weather we are having now", to be met with a burst of tears. Everybody was perfectly anguished to me but I know it was trying and I am sure all my relatives from the biggest down to the littlest, ten-hundred, were glad when I finally adopted the Milk Diet.

I had tried all other roads to health, such as olive oil taken internally and externally, gallons of olive oil in fact, but I steadily lost. Then I consumed diligently and enthusiastically several barrels of sweet tasting medicines and had tasting medicines and medicines that didn't have character enough to be either one thing or the other. The only way I profited by this course of treatment was by selling the large assortment of empty bottles to the passing vagabond. I know I made enough by this sale to buy a very fetching gymnasium suit, preparatory to gaining health by a physical culture method. I tried it and it "tried" me but we didn't seem to get along together so I concluded to take a rest cure. I had heard wonderful things about them and I naturally, being in the business so to speak, desired to gain a few of the benefits to myself. Well I tried it and when I got through I had gone from ninety-five pounds down to eighty-six. This was rather discouraging, you must admit, as I was also so weak that I could hardly walk and was suffering terribly with rheumatism. I was now quite in the mood to take up a forlorn hope, which is what everybody thought the Milk Diet was. I went to work at it as patiently and enthusiastically as with all the other treatments but there was one big difference—IT CURED! Was I glad? Why, you silly girl, of course I was. I was almost too proud to speak to ordinary mortals. My mother said from the way I acted, one would certainly think that no one in the world had ever been well before, and that I acted as if I had a patent on health.

I suppose I did act a little set-up at first, but if you were sick—and very sick—for three or four years, if you had tried nearly everything under the sun without success and if it had looked very much as if in a little while there wouldn't be any you at all, and then at the very last you had gotten well through a Milk Diet, you would have been a trifle pleased too.

I seem to be talking a great deal about my-

self but I have to do that so that you may understand what the Milk Diet did for me and why I am so enthusiastic about it.

If any girl, whether she be a girl of sixteen or a girl of eighty, is troubled with any one of the following diseases (diseased nerves, anemia, indigestion, insomnia, constipation, rheumatism, or any one of the hundred chronic diseases) and wants to be cured—as of course she does—let her read the following paragraphs carefully, telling how I took the Milk Diet—and when she has finished,—go and do likewise.

Before I begin to tell you how to take the diet, perhaps I had better tell you about the unique position milk occupies as a food. In many respects milk is very similar to blood. It acts in the capacity of a perfect or complete food which fact is not known by very many people. In the first place, no refuse portion is contained in it, and in the second place, it contains within itself nearly all the different groups of nutrients, the nitrogenous elements for growth and repair of tissue, the carbonaceous for the generation of heat by organic combustion, while the complex saline substances and water form the mineral constituents. It has been proved by test tube analysis that one quart of milk is equal in nutrition to three fourths of a pound of beef.

As regards the digestibility of all its ingredients, milk is one of the most easily digested of animal foods. It contains all the ingredients needed for the nourishment of the human body. That is, it furnishes the materials which build up the body and keep it in repair and also those which supply it with fuel to keep it warm and to furnish the animal machine with the power needed to do its work. Milk or bread eaten alone, make a better balanced food for mankind than meat, because they contain the different kinds of nutritive ingredients, or nutrients, in proportions more nearly adapted to supply the wants of the body than is the case with the nutrients of meat.

Milk is the "perfect food" but the proportion of water is so large, that four or five quarts should be consumed in order to obtain the necessary nourishment.

### How to Take the Milk Diet

Perhaps the above seems very serious but I thought it best to give you a little scientific information about milk before going on to tell you how to take it. Well I mustn't keep you waiting all day so I'll "just get back to my mittens."

First, I went to bed and I didn't get out of bed, except to walk around the room occasionally, for two long months. Second, I took a glass of milk every half hour each day as long as I was awake. Does that seem a good deal to take? Well so it seemed to me but I took it just the same. I put a little bedroom clock where I could see every time the hand touched the half or full hour and when it did I took a brimming glass of milk. The milk was neither warm nor cold, just had the chill off it. I took the kind of milk that comes in bottles from the dairy but a great many of you, doubtless,

live in the country and can have milk fresh from the "cow". I didn't drink my milk as most people do, all down at one gulp. No, indeed. It took me at least five minutes to drink one glassful of milk. I sipped it very slowly before swallowing. Took a mouthful and wished it around until it was thoroughly mixed with saliva. This rendered the milk easily digested by my stomach. If this method of taking the milk is not observed and you present it to the stomach in its raw state, you will find that the stomach will not be able to digest it. The milk as soon as it reaches the stomach will form into hard lumps and

an attack of so-called biliousness ensues. So many people complain of this drawback in connection with a Milk Diet, but as you see, it can easily be avoided.

In taking my milk every half hour during the day until I went to sleep, I found in the beginning that, by the time I had consumed my third or fourth quart of milk, my stomach began to feel very "full" and it seemed absolutely impossible for me to take another glass. But I did manage it, for nothing is impossible, and in a short time my stomach could take six or seven quarts a day without the slightest discomfort. You will find that the more milk you insist on your stomach taking, the more it will take.

While taking this milk treatment, you will perhaps find your tongue is coated and that the movements of the bowels (which are frequent) are light in color. This is natural on a Milk Diet, so do not be alarmed.

### Throwing off the Poison in the System

As my digestive organs were slightly lethargic, this treatment after a period, produced a temporary sickness or nausea but I had been informed that this would happen and so, though I had rather an unpleasant time of it, I persevered and won out in the end. This nausea is a sign that the stomach and other digestive organs are beginning to regain normal health and are throwing off the accumulated poison they have been too weak to throw off before. This "milk crisis" as it is called, leaves your system poison free, so it is well worth your while to bear the temporary discomfort as I did, so that you may receive the reward. This sickness sometimes occurs during the first week and then again, it does not come until the second or third week. There seems to be no settled time for it. It just consults its own sweet will. Occasionally these poisons are passed off through the bowels and the lucky patient suffers no discomfort at all. I was not one of these fortunate mortals. This sickness sometimes lasts only an hour and then again several hours, and occasionally it occurs off and on for a week. When this nausea or "milk crisis" begins, stop your milk and try to go to sleep. After an hour or two, begin on your milk again but only take about one fourth of a glass. If your stomach stands this, in another half hour, take another fourth of a glassful and gradually increase the

quantity until you are once more back to a full glassful.

I had this illness one long week. Verily, it was the longest week I ever passed in my life, but I endured and suffered and received my reward, for at the end of two months I had gained forty-four pounds, increased my bust measure from twenty-six to thirty-six inches, had a good clear complexion, with lots of color, plump, round arms, a good figure in every respect and felt well and looked well. My rheumatism had flown away as if it had been substituted for impure, bad blood, a healthy circulation had been produced, my wornout, tingling, aching nerves had been fed and built up. In other words, I had become a brand new girl.

This Milk Diet is especially efficacious in cases of nervous prostration, eczema, insomnia, gout, rheumatism, chronic constipation, diabetes, dyspepsia and intestinal indigestion. All chronic diseases yield to this rational method of treating disease by rebuilding the body.

For the many who are not ill but are "merely run down" or below their normal weight, the Milk Diet performs wonders. It obliterates hollows and substitutes the curves and measurements of health for a spare and impoverished figure. The average increase in bust or chest measurement under this treatment is from one half to one and a half inches per week, with other measurements in proportion. Any woman can gain from three to eight pounds of flesh and blood each week on this diet and it is good, firm flesh too.

In putting on flesh so rapidly there is danger of it settling in the lower extremities if you spend much time out of bed or keep an upright position in the bed. If you lie flat on your back, the flesh settles evenly all over your body and though the flesh remains somewhat soft while you are in bed, just as soon as you begin to walk around again and go out doors, you will find it rapidly firms up and settles itself. Drinking so much milk distends the stomach somewhat but this is merely a temporary evil. You will find that as soon as you begin to move about your waist will gradually shrink and become of even proportion and this without being tightly corseted.

Should constipation ensue, I would advise your taking some mild cathartic, such as flaxseed jelly or half a cup of bran in the evening before going to bed, taking care if it be bran, that you chew it thoroughly. You will find the more milk you take, the less trouble you will have with this so-called constipation, which simply means that your bowels are small and shrunken and this makes the movement difficult. As you progress on the Milk Diet, you will find all this will pass away, as your bowels become gradually enlarged and of a normal size.

### Heart Trouble

One word of caution. Anyone who is afflicted with heart trouble should avoid this diet unless under the care of a competent nurse, as the increased quantity of blood makes more work for the already feeble heart, and it is not always best to subject it to a strain. This only applies to severe organic trouble of the heart.

### Cure for Consumption

In cases of the "white plague" this treatment, combined with fresh air in abundance, has been universally accepted as a certain cure if taken before the second stage of this disease has been reached. You cannot die with consumption if new, pure blood is being made every minute of the day, if the torn down tissues are being constantly repaired, so that the wasting away gradually stops as the system daily gains in vigor and health. This is not fiction but sober fact.

### How to be Beautiful

If you wish to have a beautiful complexion—drink milk!  
If your heart yearns for fascinating dimples—drink milk.  
If you desire a clear, lustrous eye—drink milk.  
If you want a perfectly developed figure, with a full bust, soft, rounded arms, plump, pretty neck and slender waist—drink milk.  
If you wish to be well—drink milk.  
If you wish to be happy and contented—drink milk.

In fact, when life's troubles descend—drink milk, and they won't seem half so bad.  
Drink milk any and all times and you will surely be beautiful and live forever and ever as the children say. Try it and see!

### Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

**Blue Eyes, Cal.**—Take two raw eggs and a tablespoonful of olive oil after each meal. You will soon find yourself gaining in weight.

**E. E. L., Silver Lake.**—If the boils have left scars, try massaging them for two minutes each day with olive oil or you could use mutton tallow. The scars however would gradually fade away of themselves.

**Elizabeth B.**—The first thing to do in making a dimple is to mix gum arabic and cool water until it makes a thick paste then apply a little of it to the spot where you desire a dimple. When the gum arabic begins to dry, press gently with the pointed end of a lead pencil the little indentation remains. After removing the pencil, the little indentation remains. Powder it lightly and there will be your dimple. The point of the pencil should be moderately blunt and covered with cotton so as not to bruise the skin.

**Laughing Girl.**—Use lemon juice on your freckles and in order to whiten your face moisten it all over with Peroxide of Hydrogen three times a week. Do not use it often. Send to Editor, COMFORT, for Pretty Girls' Cream.

**Miss Zoe K.**—You will find that the Milk Diet is a perfect bust developer. Take four quarts of milk each day, a glassful every half hour. Begin this treatment when you get up and continue until half past four, then stop so you will have an appetite for your evening meal. You should take only one meal a day. Sip your milk very slowly so that it may become saturated. A woman will gain anywhere from three to six pounds each week and gain five or six inches to her bust inside of six weeks.

**Honey Girl.**—The Vaucaire bust remedy is entirely safe. You should keep the treatment up until your bust is large enough, then stop treatment entirely. The Milk treatment is a fine bust developer.

**Eastman.**—See reply to Miss Zoe K. The milk should be sweet and the cream must be left on. The richer it is the quicker you will gain. Thank you for your pleasant words.

**Downhearted.**—See December article on How to Grow Thin. Rub your breasts hard with aromatic vinegar. For constipation see reply to Agnes, Newport News, Va., in the December number of COMFORT.

**Brown Eyes.**—To reduce fullness of cheeks and neck try head, rotary massage using a good skin food. Olive oil will soften and whiten hands. If you can't get red vasoline at your drugstore, use common yellow vasoline. Always massage across a wrinkle. You can reduce your bust by massaging it with toilet vinegar. Anything that is greasy may cause a growth of hair.

**J. C. S.**—Your eyes may be weak and need glasses. Do not read very much and try bathing them in extreme-

ly hot water twice a day. I think you have tartar on your teeth and it can only be removed by a dentist.

**W. Holmby, Muskegon.**—Judging from the contents of your letter you are extremely anemic which causes eye trouble, yellow skin, nervousness, etc. Anemia means that you are suffering from lack of nourishment. Evidently the stomach does not digest your food. I would advise a milk diet. It makes good, rich blood, healthy flesh and strengthens the nerves, thus improving the nerves of your eyes. The milk diet is used in most modern sanitariums, to cure stomach trouble, anemia (or lack of blood), rheumatism, in fact any disease of the blood. You would gain probably five to ten pounds a week. See reply to Miss Zoe K.

**L. M. P.**—You should use hot water and Beauty Bags. Your cheeks should be rosy all the time.

**Sand-hopper.**—You should rub in mutton tallow on your face each night as this will prevent it being red and irritated. See my reply to Miss Zoe K., this month. If you can't take the milk diet, take two raw eggs after each meal, swallow them whole and you will grow fatter.

**Holby W.**—Use borax in your water every other day. It is not at all injurious. Dash cold water over your bust at night for five minutes. You will get your heart's desire after a few weeks. Use sweet milk and take it between meals. See reply to Zoe K. For a narrow face wear hair in a fluffy pompadour. I do not think a loose corset will hurt you.

**Rose.**—Use a rice powder. See face cream formula given in January number.

**M. E. T.**—Equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine applied night and morning will bleach your face. If skin in faking off becomes irritated, rub in a skin food.

**Ben J. F.**—Arsenic tablets are not safe to use. Throw them away. Drink hot water, massage your face with skin food every night and use bleach given M. E. T. Your skin will soon be white.

**Mayday Katie.**—For falling hair rub in yellow vasoline every night massaging your scalp thoroughly with it. This will stop the falling out and bring in a new growth. Try not to get the vasoline on your hair, although it does not injure it, but makes it unpleasantly greasy. You should cut off the broken and split ends. You will find this treatment will stop itching of scalp and supply your hair with natural oil. Break the eggs on your hair and then wash with warm water.

**Viola.**—Raise the skin of the wart with the tip of a stout needle and peel it off. Then apply colorless iodine every day until it goes away. This treatment will take some days or maybe weeks.

**H. S. A. Darkey.**—Sage tea will darken the hair. I don't think it will help it in any way. Take off your cap. See reply to Mayday Katie.

**H. S. A.**—For a plump, round face try parted hair. You should weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. For reducing hip see "How to Grow Thin" article in December number.

**Subscriber to COMFORT.**—Petroleum Jelly will do. It does not injure the hair. See reply to Mayday Katie.

**Barbie.**—I should recommend instead of the preparation you mention, my Resorcin Tonic. See January answer column. Twelve drops of Tincture of Benzoin in your hot bathing water will contract the open pores and also whiten and firm the skin.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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## Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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### Mating Thoroughbreds

SEVERAL correspondents have asked for hints on mating thoroughbred birds; as the subject is likely to be of interest at this season of the year, it seems advisable to give space to the subject. Some of the points to be considered by those who wish to maintain and improve their stock in the future, are as follows:

Most of the inquiries have been about buff birds, and as such varieties are in vogue just now, we will consider them first. Choose the male bird first; select him for shape rather than for color. The most frequent mistake made by amateurs is, considering color an all-important point. Type must come first, for it is the foundation of every species. As there are few quite perfect birds in the whole world, you can hardly expect to find one in your flock unless you have started with prize-winners, so don't look for perfection, but blemishes. Take the buff Wyandotte as an example. The usual faults in shape are as follows: Legs too long; back long and narrow; wings too high or too low on body; unshapely comb; poor lobes and eyes. Of course no one would use a bird with all these defects, but the best of an ordinary flock will almost surely show some one or all of these defects, so the hens to be mated to him should be chosen with a view to correct such shortcomings. For instance, if he is too long in the back, let the females be short rather than normal. If his wings are a little too high up, theirs should be a little too low, and so on through each point. Color-defects are usually: Red hackles; saddle, light on back, white in under-wing feathers, or stray black feathers, which often make their appearance in the under parts of the body, and must be looked for. Buff birds are very deceptive, because so often the most promising chickens develop all sorts of stray feathers as they mature. Really one cannot be sure of color until after the second moult. Various breeders of buff birds say that white feathers are more difficult to get rid of than black, and much more likely to appear among the progeny of the most blue-blooded birds. So don't be disappointed or angry if you buy eggs from some celebrated strain, and find a few such feathers as the chicks develop.

But to return to mating the mature birds. Select the hens with plumage which will correct the faults in the male bird just as carefully as you balance the points for shape. The standard of perfection gives shape and weight for Buff Wyandottes as follows: Head round and rather broad; beak well-curved; comb, rose; neck short, well arched, with abundant flowing hackle; back short, broad and full at shoulders; saddle, broad, full, and rising with a concave sweep to the tail; breast, broad and deep and fully developed; body, deep and well-rounded. Fluff, well rounded; wings of medium size, not too high or too low; tail well-developed and spread at base, carried fairly upright; supples of medium length, gracefully curved from tail. Legs: thighs short and stout, well-spread, covered with soft feathers; shanks rather short, stout and free from feathers; face, comb and ear-lobes bright red. Weight: Roosters, eight and one half pounds; cockerels, seven and one half pounds; hens, six and one half; pullets, five and one half. The color must be a rich golden buff, without any mealy shade. The head, neck and hackle, back, wings and saddle, richly glossed with a metallic luster. Under-color; a lighter shade, but free from foreign color. Shanks and beak bright yellow; eyes bright bay. The thing to strive for is, one color-shade all over the bird's body, back, neck and thighs having a metallic top-shade, which makes them appear slightly darker. Good under-color means the buff running up into the feathers right to the quills, but not as is seen in many, or specimens, almost a mealy-white. It is better to have a uniform color all over the bird, even if it is not up to the full depth of color termed and exploited by poultry judges as "rich buff," for it is much easier to breed deer-colored birds from such pullets than to cull out several shades. Be contented to make your main profit from eggs and market-birds for several seasons, and work up to perfection gradually. Select each year two or three of the best birds to mate, and introduce new blood each season. By such slow, cautious work does one gain experience in the exact values of color, when transmitted to second and third generations.

Of course it is well enough to improve the entire flock by using the best roosters you can buy or cull, but it is quite a hopeless task to try to breed up the majority of a large flock into show-birds. Fancy birds require time and patience and a great deal of study and calculation. But it is all a good investment in the long run, for really good breeding birds of the buff—or for that matter, of any variety or breed—are always in demand at high prices.

The Buff Orpingtons should have single combs, set fairly upright on their heads; white or horn-colored beaks; shanks and toes flesh-colored. Body and thighs slightly longer than the Wyandotte; and of course the same system of blending or balancing the defects of shape and color should result in success.

### Correspondence

J. G. S.—I had trouble with eggs not hatching in a new incubator. Complaints that germs die about the eighth day, and in all cases are struck to the shells. The eggs were all from the same firm as the incubator, but not one hatched, though from twenty set under hens, eighteen hatched. The incubator has been run exactly according to directions sent with it. Wishes to know if the vibrations from a cream separator, but three rooms away from the incubator, can have caused the trouble.

A.—It is only natural to suppose, that as the eggs were purchased from the same firm as the incubator, that they were in good condition when

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12,500 Queen Washing Machines absolutely free to the housekeepers of this great land. We know full well what this means to us as a matter of expense, but nevertheless we are going to place one or more of these famous Washing Machines in every village, town or city, absolutely free with those housekeepers who will help us to advertise these machines. We know if we have one satisfied woman in every community who is using our Queen Washing Machine every week, that she will do us more good by telling her neighbors and friends about the "Washer" than we could ever get by any amount of regular magazine advertising. So you can readily see why we want to give these machines away free—one in each community.

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without any conditions of any kind.  
No contracts. Not even a  
simple promise is required.  
It is Yours Simply For The Asking.

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shipped to you. Especially does this seem so, as those under hens hatched. So the trouble must have occurred during the term of incubation. I do not think the cream separator can be to blame, but I can't see how vibration would make the germs stick to the shell. What puzzles me most is the fact that you say "There would be three or four every few days." Any accident with the heat would have affected all at one time. Do you turn the eggs by hand? Because if so, you may inadvertently omit to turn some. Are you sure of the thermometer? I never use one without testing it, which is easily done if you place it in the machine with one known to be true, and compare them for several hours. If you have not got other thermometers and incubators, your best plan would be to ask your doctor to compare it with his for a short time. Did you use a level when setting up the incubator? For if it does not stand perfectly straight the heat will not circulate properly over the entire egg chamber, but congregate in some of the corners, causing the temperature over and about the eggs in that special corner to rise several degrees. Are you perfectly certain that the ventilators on the machine are suitable for such a high altitude as Colorado? Really, I think your best plan would be to write to the makers of the incubator, or perhaps the better plan would be to write to the superintendent of the agricultural experiment station at Fort Collins, Colorado, asking him to give you the benefit of their experience in regulating ventilation in their incubators.

J. R. M.—I have had a drake die this winter, and another nearly dead. They seem to have a weakness of the back and legs. After suffering a week or two, they can hardly walk. They have good appetites. I feed corn, table scraps, turnips cooked, ground feed, and once in a while a mash of corn-meal and bran. They have not been confined for more than a month, and do not seem to be fattening, although they eat a great deal. Do they need grit when they have sand?

A.—The rats are not well-balanced. Clover hay, cut into inch lengths, steamed over night and mixed with ground feed (equal parts of oats and corn). A good proportion is a quart of clover hay after it has been chopped to a pint of ground feed. Table scraps well boiled, with potato or any other vegetable trimmings can be fed alone or mixed with the hay instead of the feed. Ducks' food should always be sloppy, and consist principally of vegetables, some meat or a little grain. Mix a tablespoonful of bone meal to every quart of mash just now, for it provides the lime in eggs which is necessary for the production of strong-boned ducklings. I think your birds have been defective in this quality, and your method of feeding has not helped them. Are their sleeping quarters dry? They should be cleaned out and heavily bedded with straw and meadow hay at least once a week. I think natural weakness has developed into rheumatism through neglect, in this respect. If other birds should be attacked, remove to a dry coop with lots of bedding, and rub the legs with opium salve. Add fifteen grains of iodine of potassium to every quart of drinking water, or if it is not convenient to put in a quart of water, a spoonful of baking soda to every quart of water. Grit is important; sand is not sharp or large enough to do the necessary work of masticating.

F. S. L.—Please tell me if the Orpingtons are good layers, how large they will grow, and if they make good mothers?

A.—My experience with this breed has not been varied; I only kept a pen of six hens and a rooster for two seasons, but I found them good layers of a large egg, and gentle and careful mothers. Weight runs from nine to ten and one half pounds for males, and from seven to eight and one half for females.

R. E. L.—Your letter must be addressed, "Care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine."

N. B.—I cannot give the information you want in this column.

J. H.—What can I do for my hens? They seem to start with a cold, sneeze, and have one eye and side of face swollen, and some white and yellowish spots in their throats.

A.—The birds have diphtheria or canker if there is no odor, but on the other hand, if there is a foul smell, it is roup, as they are kindred diseases, and all more or less contagious. The same treatment will apply whichever it may be. Move affected birds from the flock the moment any symptoms are noticed. If they are just common birds, I really think the best advice is to kill and burn the carcasses. But if you must doctor, dissolve a thimbleful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of warm water. If bottled and kept in a dark place it will keep indefinitely. Add one teaspoonful to half a gill of warm water and use as a wash. Swab out the throat and nostrils twice a day. Feed lightly with strengthening food, in which has been mixed a little charcoal.

"Poultryman" wishes advice about pullets which cannot stand, but he does not say if the feet are swollen, or inflamed or sore in any way. The only information he gives is that he feeds; and the feed consists of corn and ground feed. So I think that, like J. R. M.'s ducks, his pullets are suffering from indigestion feeding of other pullets and themselves. So I advise him to apply the remedy suggested to J. R. M.

NOTE.—I regret that want of space again compels me to hold over several letters until next month.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Here is a preparation for whitening the hands which I can heartily recommend.

Myrrh, one ounce, honey, four ounces, yellow wax, two ounces, rose-water, six ounces. Mix the wax, honey and rose-water together in a dish over boiling water, and add the myrrh while the liquid is hot. Rub the paste upon the hands before retiring.

In dusting my piano, I have always found an old silk handkerchief to be the most satisfactory, though I have tried many forms of dusters.

If any of the sisters are troubled with ants in the kitchen and pantry, try allspice and borax plentifully sprinkled around. Allspice sprinkled in the shoes in cold weather will often prevent cold feet.

Will someone tell me what shadow embroidery is like? I have heard much about it, but do not think I know what it is. I embroider a great deal, and enjoy it very much. I generally draw my own designs then stamp them myself. I have a number of pretty patterns for making the little boys' and babies' clothes. If any of the sisters wish any of them, I shall be only too glad to cut them out and send with the copied directions. This may not interest some, but I know from experience how glad I once was to get some patterns in this very way, so I offer it to others.

Through Comfort I have made the acquaintance of some of the sweetest women in all the world. How happy I should be to receive a call from Patience Morost. Her home is not far from my own. I have never been able to call on her.

I will send with this a few of my dear dead mother's tested recipes, and which I think the best in the world because she used them. I should be pleased to hear from any of the dear sisters, especially those that have little boys and girls and will endeavor to answer all letters. Mrs. M. K. HANSON, 812 Cornell Ave., Kansas City, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I am a much interested reader of this corner, having been a subscriber since last fall. I took the magazine several years when I was a young girl, but for an equal number of years, I had not seen a copy of it, until visiting a neighbor last summer I saw hers and straightway sent in my own name. Isn't it a nice little paper, and so cheap!

First, I must introduce myself with a pen-picture. Please all do the same. I am five feet eight and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have dark brown eyes and hair and a medium complexion. I wear a No. six shoe, a No. seven and one half glove, waist measure twenty-five inches and bust thirty-four inches and am thirty years of age. There! I don't suppose I'll take the prize in the "beauty show," but then, there is a beauty other than that of regular features and symmetrical form—that of a kind heart and sympathetic nature—which shines from the countenance and the eye. For, is not "the eye, the window of the soul?" I hope that kind of spiritual beauty may be mine.

How my heart aches for all the poor shut-ins and crippled suffering ones, and though I am unable to assist them in many ways, yet let each of you remember that away off here, in the West, a sister is asking God to help you and comfort and guide you. He, "who knoweth what ye have need of, before ye ask Him," and who notes the sparrow's fall. How sorry I am for those poor mothers, whose little ones have gone on before. My heart swells with sympathy and the tears, unbidden, rise, for nearly a year ago, we followed a little white casket with the words, "Our Babe, on it, out into the 'City of the Dead,' and many and many a time have we longed for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," for it is quiet and lonely here, now. My little one's funeral text was "Forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Somehow, I feel nearer Heaven than I did before our baby went away. The little children are safely away from the "crosses and losses" which is the lot of most of us. How ungrateful we seem and how thankful we should be when we are well and not disabled or crippled in any way. Health and happiness are two great blessings.

I live in the great arid region of Eastern Washington, where the desert is made to blossom as the rose, by irrigation. Although I was born in Minnesota, yet I have lived in the greater half of my life in this state—the land of Indians and bronchos, wheat-fields and orchards, about which many interesting things could be written. How many of you are collecting picture postals? I only wish I was able to. I love pictures, poetry, birds, flowers, music, fancywork, etc., and I love to read and write letters. I am very fond of pets and little children. I enjoy keeping house, too. It is such a delight to see order grow out of confusion and work disappear as if by magic and comfort and cleanliness reign supreme. A good motto to go by is this: "A place for every thing and every thing in its place." Follow it and see.

They say "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," but oh, how dreary and lonely a person's life is that is not blessed with love and genial companionship of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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# The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

## or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever 'til Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe as—as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear it to me to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he consigns his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promising to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old law is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighter the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wondrous beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever 'til Death." The good nuns keep the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the lodge. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She sends her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. He is in danger. "By the memory of the dead past, beware!" The major's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound.

A happy group gather in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The carriage opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of night." It means cold-blooded murder, and the doctor drives furiously toward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice places in Inez's hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful 'til Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor. Dr. Morosini confides his suspicions to Frank Braddon who is in love with Marion Morosini.

Inez meets her husband. The greeting is not as she expects. They enter a closed carriage the mask is thrown off and Inez recognizes her Uncle Sebastian. Why has he deceived her—where is her husband—why is she torn from her friends? Her husband removed he looks after the property and becomes her guardian. He conducts her to her chamber, closes and locks an outer door, then she knows no more.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### IN THE LAIR OF THE TIGER.

IN another apartment of the house in which Inez lay sleeping, a woman paced the floor in an agony of horrible suspense—a tall, slight woman, richly dressed and beautiful, with the sad, autumnal beauty of decline. As she paced to and fro, with her slender white hands pressed together until they crimsoned the delicate flesh, her eyes dilated, and she seemed like some tortured spirit bound by an unholy spell. Strange, incoherent sentences burst from her lips.

"Too late! too late! Oh, my God, have I not suffered enough? This horror is too great for me to bear! I sink beneath it. In their hands; cold, cruel, merciless, and I dare not save—"

A light tap at the door produced a change in the pale face and stopped the words on her lips as she bade the intruder enter.

She looked up at him enquiringly.

"Well?" she asked, in a voice whose eagerness it was impossible to disguise.

"Well!" he said, lighting a cigar, and repeating her question.

"You have—succeeded?" she asked.

"I have succeeded. Yes, madam, when did I ever fail?"

"He—"

Her voice failed, she could not frame the question.

"He!" was his careless reply. "Oh, I left him to Carlos. The lad had a grudge against him, besides it was disagreeable work. No, my business was with the lady. I am naturally gallant, you know. Yes, I captured the bird, but it's a fierce fledgling for a dove-cote. I have tamed her though I think—at least for awhile."

"Surely, surely you could not harm your sister's child."

"Harm her! Oh, no, she is too valuable piece of property for that. I merely let her feel the grip of the law—our law—eh, Aline?"

A look of disgust crossed the woman's face at that significant "our" but she replied indifferently.

"The girl is here then?"

"Yes she is here, Aline," he bent his eyes searchingly on her. "You have no love for this girl, the bride of Ross Delmore?"

"No," she answered quietly, "I have no love for her."

"Ah, I thought not!" and Sebastian smiled knowingly.

"What do you intend doing with this girl?" asked Aline, her gaze fixed upon the burning coals in the grate.

"What do I intend doing with her? I intend first to break her spirit, the proud spirit that defied me. I have broken spirits as proud and haughty before, eh, Aline?"

"You have crushed them," she answered, calmly.

"Yes crushed! 'Tis a bitter word. I will crush hers as I did them, then I will choose a mate for her. How wise our good Jose was! How wise, how prudent! He would wed his nestling to the brave American! he would send her away—her and her inheritance—out of sight, out of reach, for seven years! Bah! What are seven years to Sebastian Del Puente? I would keep on the trail for seven times seven years."

"What will you gain by forcing the girl into

a marriage. You cannot marry her yourself as yet—"

"As yet! No, nor never. But she shall marry Carlos. We must bind her to us irrefragably. She shall marry Carlos."

"You are playing a dangerous game, the girl has friends, friends that will leave no stone unturned to discover her."

"Bah! I fear them not. Her wealth shall be mine, if the world were pitted against me! I promised Carlos to meet him at twelve. By that time all will be over; and, then, the prize will be ours. Now, I must go. In the seaside cave I was to meet them. I hope that they have been deft at their work, the sight of blood sickens me! The girl will not escape you. Ah, I need not ask you, she will not escape!"

And with a smile, that, unlike other smiles, seemed to darken his countenance, Sebastian Del Puente was gone.

As the door closed behind him the woman fell upon her knees, in all the agony of despair.

"Oh, that I could die, that I dared to sever the slight bond that binds me to him and to life! Fool! As vain as he is wicked, he believes that I love him still. His wife! Only she that bears his name can know its horrors! Aye, there he goes!" she continued, in a bitter tone, as the massive outer door creaked on its hinges, "there he goes to strike the prey that he has helped at his feet—the noble, the generous, twice betrayed into the hands of his enemy."

She rose nervously. "I must follow—I must know, I must see all. Yes, even if it strike a lingering death deeper into my tortured heart, I must go!"

She flung a heavy cloak about her, extinguished the lamp, and followed her husband.

"Good—very good! How admirable is gratitude and a conscience. Now, I will speak to the gentleman here. You are a little surprised, my good sir, you wonder what interest I can have in your welfare, eh, yours and your intended bride's?"

His victim seemed to stir restlessly, impatiently at the mockery of his voice.

"Well, I took supper with her tonight. What a charming little lady she is, so vivacious, so sprightly! Ah, sir, what a happy man you would have been, if circumstances would have permitted."

Ross Delmore made a violent effort to free himself from the bonds. He scarcely believed that he heard aright that Inez, his childish bride was in the hands and power of this fiend. He struggled painfully but in vain.

"Gently my friend, gently! You will harm yourself, I fear. Did you think base, treacherous bonds, that you could rob the tiger in his lair, and escape unharmed? That you could steal the prey that he had scented from afar off and followed up and down through years of toil and privation, and then prowl about the earth in safety? So, most noble champion of woman's wrongs, husband of the desolate maiden, see how kindly heaven has prospered you! Your bride in my house; your inheritance in my hands; and you—on this lonely shore, in the hours of night, alone, in my power!"

Delmore lay motionless, almost, it seemed lifeless.

Outside, with her white, haggard face pressed against the wet rock, listened one who suffered threefold the agonies of death, by sympathy, by horror, by remorse.

Waiting every moment for the fatal blow, for



SHE BENT FORWARD AND SEVERED THE ROPES THAT BOUND HIM.

The night was coming with its mid-hour, and Aline felt a prophetic chill creeping through her heart. The path, narrow and devious, led through a dreary waste, known as the Salt Meadows. The high grass, heavy with the briny odors from the sea, brushed her face, and her feet sank at every step, into the treacherous ground, her limbs trembled with cold and terror, yet still she kept on bravely, steadfastly following the tall, dark form that strode on before her.

At length he reached a spot where the hills that had hitherto formed a shadowy background to the salt meadows and sandy shore, jutted out to the sea—a bold, rocky promontory against which the waves beat with unavailing fury.

The path wound to the base of the cliff, and the turned inland to the valley.

Sebastian paused a moment; then climbing up a portion of the steep ascent, he descended upon the side that faced the sea.

Aline stole from the shadow, and for a moment stopped at the foot of the rock, baffled and irresolute, when suddenly a murmuring sound reached her ear, and springing with new vigor a few feet up the cliff's shelving side, she cautiously pressed apart the moss, that veiled a fissure in the rock and looked down into the seaside cavern.

It was a low, noisome place, hollowed out by the tides, that returning, had left the refuse of the sea clinging to the jagged walls. A torch of pine wood, thrust into a crevice of the rock, threw a weird, flickering light upon the group gathered there.

Two men, dark-faced and low-browed moved aside as Sebastian Del Puente entered, letting the glare of the torchlight fall upon the face of the prisoner, who gagged and bound, lay upon the sands at his feet.

Never were two faces in more striking contrast, the honest scorn in Ross Delmore's face made his enemy feel for a moment the dastard that he was. Only for a moment, however, for spurning the helpless body with his foot as though it were a dead reptile, he turned to his two accomplices with a dark frown.

"Bah! Is this the way you do your work, my braves? A woman's hand has struck as surely!"

"You should have served yourself then," said the younger man, sullenly. "I have played the jackal to you long enough."

"Ah! I thought your wounded honor needed a salve, eh? I thought blood must wash away the insulting treatment you had received. You always had a tender heart and a tender hand, Carlos."

"I have neither, and you know it well father. But I cannot lay my hand upon one who wears that ring."

"Ah! 'Tis a mighty talisman, or perhaps a relic?" sneered Sebastian.

"It is a relic," said Carlos, his voice growing more tender as he spoke, "a relic of the only being who shed a gentle or loving influence over my life. The hand that wore it rocked my cradle—blessed my youth! it was Inez' mother's!"

a death stroke more cruel in its fiendish ingenuity than a blow, Aline stood, shivering with terror, a witness that could never testify, an accomplice that could never betray.

"In my power!" repeated Sebastian, gloating over the words, "utterly, entirely, completely; and I have the tiger teeth, too, whetted to an edge!"

He drew forth a glittering dagger and pointed it at Delmore's heart. The brave soldier did not flinch. Sebastian laughed as he sheathed his weapon.

"You are used to the steel. It is well. I never soil my hands with blood. No, I have all that I want, the sealed packet and Inez, so I will leave you. In six hours this cave will be full of water, and it will carry out into the mighty deep its prey—its prey and mine!"

"Father! Carlos' voice broke the deep silence after this sentence of doom, 'are you devil enough for this? Better the sure, swift blow blood, God knows! I have been your tool long enough.'"

"Stay fool! Touch him at your peril!" Sebastian grasped the hand that would have dealt for once a blow in mercy. "My revenge is too sweet a morsel to be swallowed thus. He is my prey, touch him if you dare. Good night, son!" he continued, resuming his mocking tone, "a very good night! I will care for Inez. She will be consoled, I have a husband for her; a trifle younger, perhaps, but none the less acceptable."

And thrusting his two companions out before him, Sebastian left the cave, nearly brushing, as he did so, the garments of a woman crouched in thing like a ray of hope and resolution brightening the former dark despair of her countenance.

"Six hours! Six hours! Oh, God, grant me power and strength, and I will save him—save him, if it costs me my life, my soul, my being! Six hours to baffle the rage and revenge hoarded in seven long years! I can do it, though his basilisk eyes are upon me. Beware, Sebastian Del Puente, for the first time a woman is pitted against you, and that woman your wife!"

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Like a shadow gliding noiselessly through the long grass, careless of the storm that swept the heavens, Aline sped homeward, reaching there before her husband.

The fire burned low in the grate; the lamp emitted only a flickering light. All was silent and undisturbed, as if the mistress of the luxurious chambers had long since been buried in slumber; while upon the center table was a silver urn, heated by a small spirit lamp, that showed that Aline had not been unmindful of her husband before she retired for the night. An egg shell cup and saucer were beside it, and a silver bowl, heaped with broken sugar.

"What a cool head," murmured Sebastian, admiringly, as he poured out the coffee and drank two or three cups before he stopped. "Admirable woman! A mortal quarrel between her husband and an old lover—death for one and danger for the other—and she concocts a cup of coffee for the visitor, and goes calmly to bed. Incomparable Aline! Ah, what is this? There seems a drowsiness before my eyes, a surging in my brain. The voice of the waters perhaps? No, it is vertigo, I will rest awhile, it will pass away, my limbs are stiff and heavy."

And staggering to the sofa, Sebastian Del Puente fell upon it—drugged and senseless!

Then the inner door opened softly, and Aline crept out and confronted him. A hectic flush was upon her cheek, a strange glitter in her eye.

"Why did I not make it death?" she whispered softly. "I might have closed forever those baleful eyes and have been free—free, forever free! And yet I dared not! He will sleep at least six hours so I will go, go to save the man I ruined. She extinguished the light, and threw a long dark cloak over her white dress, and left the apartment."

In the midnight gloom of the rocky cavern, without one ray of light, save the sickly pallor that marked the opening toward the sea, lay Ross Delmore, awaiting the hour of his doom.

With senses that seemed awakened to preternatural activity, Delmore felt rather than saw everything. He knew that the angry waters were creeping onward, onward, pitilessly onward. Death a slow, lingering death was creeping upon him, in all of its terrors; and he lay tethered, a brave man still, his lips sternly compressed, his eyes flashing, keen, fearless, undimmed. His past with all its sorrows and its few sunny spots, speeding with almost electric rapidity before his still active mind, quickened to its utmost capacity by the recent scenes through which he had passed.

Then all the fierceness faded from the handsome countenance, wearily he dropped his head forward upon his breast, and a dreary smile flitted over his wan features.

"My life is a worthless, melancholy thing, useless to others, and a crushing burden to myself, and I may as well lay it down here as anywhere else," he murmured hopelessly. A sudden pallor crept into his face as he thought of his little child wife in the power of Sebastian Del Puente. If he had loved her the thought would have maddened him; but it was only as the child whom he had wedded, that he pictured her—the loving, tender child, torn from her friends by one who had neither fear nor mercy to restrain him.

"And he will murder her!" he thought, "murder her, coldly and remorselessly, take her life as he has taken mine."

Then his wandering thoughts recurred to the letter the warning letter received that evening, how long ago it seemed—written by a hand that he thought was long since mouldering in the dust.

A superstitious awe crept over him. Had she who so cruelly wronged his youth been permitted to warn him of his danger, to break the barriers that sever spirit and matter, and watch with guardian eyes his fate? He had read such legends in his boyhood and scoffed at them in later years. Was he now to prove their truth?

Still the waves crept slowly onward, onward. What would Claude Morosini think, brave, genial cheery Claude? That he had skulked away like a bound from a wife he did not love. No, Inez too was taken. Ah! they would search the world for them. Tiger that he was, Sebastian Del Puente had the lion on his track—brave, noble Morosini—he would dare all for a friend, and fear nothing from a foe.

Yes, he could sleep in peace. Claude was left to save Inez—to avenge him. A torpor was creeping over his senses, a merciful blindness over his eyes. With the prayer that through all of his years of danger and toil he had nightly breathed—with the prayer his mother had taught him upon his lips—Ross Delmore slept!

### CHAPTER IX.

#### AT DAWN OF DAY.

Strange dreams came to the wave-washed slumberer; memory was still at work, reviewing minutely and painfully the past.

He was a boy at play amid the grand old woods that surrounded his early home—sailing fairy boats upon the mill pond, hunting squirrels in the forest, trout-fishing in the meadow brook.

Again he was at college—the gray old fortress college—the river flowing like a stream of silver beneath its walls. He heard the roll-call and saw the shadow ranks of cadets march by to the beat of the drum; the darkness had not yet come over his life—the haunting evil presence was not there.

And now he is a young officer, in all of the glory of his epaulettes—a bright career stretching before him—honor, wealth, position, all his own.

He seems to tread again the beautiful shaded streets of the Southern city; to feel again the fragrant breezes of that tropic clime; the blossoms of the orange and jessamine brush his cheek; the light of dark eyes stir his heart, it awakens dormant pulses with a new life; a strange, beautiful dream fills mind and heart, and being. "Aline"—even in that dying hour he breathes the name softly and tenderly. "Aline!" and Aline, in all of the glory of her fresh, young beauty, stands forth at memory's call.

A face of wonderful beauty, fair with the flush of morning upon the rounded cheeks; eyes, soft, dewy, mournful, and a mouth whose witching smile and mobile charms took all gloom from the eyes' sad prophecy.

How beautiful she was! What a spell she threw about him, that wonderful springtime, when he hung upon her smile, followed her footsteps, gazed into her eyes, enthralled.

How he worshipped her, with the strong, pure, earnest devotion of an honest heart.

He told her his plans for the future. He had drawn his fortune from the Northern bank, where it had accumulated during his minority. He was able to purchase a luxurious home, to furnish it with all that could delight the eye or gratify the taste of his beloved one. She smiled and warned him playfully against carrying so much money with him—"for we are very wicked down here, you know."

Then a few friends gathered about them. Aline sang a sweet Spanish song, that filled the air with a strange sadness, while they sat upon her moonlit veranda, and the fireflies that she had imprisoned for gems glanced and glowed in her raven hair.

She handed wine—light, sweet wine—yet it seemed to burn his throat like fire. He arose, but the moonlight seemed to grow into a haze about him; the fireflies danced before him like stars. Aline's face—pale, conscience-stricken, despairing—seemed to shine through a mist, with another face full of evil, hate, and cruel mockery.

"He shall not die!" The piercing cry seemed to cleave the sluggish torpor creeping upon body and mind—"He shall not die! You have sworn it to me. His gold is yours. I have kept my word, base fool that I am, I have betrayed him into your hands; but I will not live with his blood upon me. He must not die!"

And with these words ringing in his ears Ross Delmore awoke—awoke as if Fate would contradict this prophecy for death faced him now—a more horrible death than that from which he escaped ten years before, escaped to find himself robbed by the beautiful adventures and her remorseless accomplice—left senseless, penniless, almost lifeless, from the effect of the powerful drug she had administered to him, and to find her far beyond the reach of justice or revenge, the wife of the leader of the gang of desperadoes.

Ah, life had been bitter to him, and it was to end thus—thus.

His limbs were cramped painfully from cold and constriction; his brain throbbled; his heart grew sick with a loathing of this slow, horrible

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



# "Our Directors."

March.

Chas. N. Daniels.

Composer of the famous Two-step "Margery."

*Tempo di Marcia.*

*ff* *f*

*ff* *cres.* *p* *ff* *cres.* *fff* *dim.* *in u - en - do.*

*TRIO.*

*mf* *p*

*staccato.* *Both hands.....x* *ff*

*staccato.* *Both hands.....x* *cres.* *cen* *do.* *ff* *Grandioso.*

*fff* *ff*

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## FREE CATALOGUE







## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

her, but some arrangement must and shall be made by which I can come often and be with you without intruding upon her. She will select and name the hours when my visits will give her least annoyance. Good night, my son. To-day I am happier than I have been since I kissed your dear mother good by."

He tore a blank page from Ugo Bassi's "sermon," wrote a few lines, laid the paper near his wife's hand, and went out, closing the door very gently.

"The hemorrhage was not all blood. I think an abscess has broken, and it may save his life. He must have a change as soon as it is safe to move him; but at present it might be fatal. Your money and his in the Boston bank will make him comfortable, and unless you use it I shall be obliged to interfere. Let the doctor decide where and when the child should go. Tomorrow at two o'clock I wish to come here, but you can easily avoid seeing me if you so desire. May God soften your heart towards your unfortunate but faithful husband."

When Father Temple entered the Herriott library, Noel rose from a desk where he was sealing letters and put out both hands.

"Herriott, most blessed of friends! How can I ever thank you?"

"You have found your wife and child? Thank God! I could scarcely wait for the good news I was sure you would bring me."

His eyes were misty, and the grip of his hands was harder than he knew as he drew the priest to a chair.

"Dear old fellow, it has been rather too much for you. Brace yourself with this mixture. I had an idea your Reverence might need a tonic, since 'after the manner of men, you have fought with beasts at Ephesus.' Drink it! Your spiritual superior would advise it if he could see your face."

"Tell me, Noel, how you discovered Nona?"

"I saw her at the glove counter where she is employed, and was puzzled by her resemblance to a face I had admired in San Francisco. I heard out there that some mystery hung about her, but no hint of any impropriety on her part. Such delicacy of features and perfect coloring are rare, and faces so beautiful etch deep on one's memory. Belmont painted her as 'Aurora' in his group, and gave me a photograph of her head; but he spoke of her with respect, and commented on her proud prudishness in refusing to sit in his studio. You recollect Sidney Forsyth?"

He carried me to a 'night school' for working girls, established by his mother, and there I first saw 'Aurora,' hard at work in the bookkeeping class. He admired her extravagantly, and told me that despite her girlish appearance she was a widow with a child, and lived like a nun in the very small cottage of an old uncle. Last summer, in hunting through a discarded trunk hastily packed at Oxford while you were on the Continent, I found among several sheets from your portfolio that water-color sketch, and it revived my old suspicion that some early tragedy had driven you into cloisters. Sooner or later one finds on almost every man's road through life the sign-post, *dum femina facti*, and I stumbled against yours when I had ceased to conjecture your motive for a course that astounded your friends. Last night, after you left me, I verified a few dates in my diary, and today's visit to Brooklyn made it absolutely certain my identification was correct. I congratulate you, and am heartily glad that I helped to flush your family covery."

"Congratulations sound grim after all I passed through today. Did you ever dream you were dying from thirst, and just as you stooped to drink the spring vanished? I have realized that tantalizing vision. Nona will never forgive me, never accept my explanation, never believe my statements, never tolerate the sight of me. She hates me with an intensity that is sickening, and because the child is mine she would rather see him in his coffin than in my arms. She hugs to her heart the conviction that I am utterly vile, because she wants to believe the worst, and furiously rejects any attempt to prove that I am not a doubly dyed hypocrite and villain. You have been so loyal a friend, I should like to tell you all that occurred."

When he finished a detailed recital of his interview, he leaned back, sighed heavily, and closed his eyes.

"I knew you were going into a fiery furnace, for, from what I have heard and seen of your wife, I fear she is one of the few inexorable women, impervious to reason, to passionate pleading, to the most adroit cajolery. The hotter the lava, the harder you will find it to cool. Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

The priest raised his baggy face and laid his hand on Mr. Herriott's knee.

"I shall be grateful for advice which I sorely need just now."

"You have found the missing, but if you are not wide awake and cautious you will lose them again, and permanently."

"What do you mean?"

"You told her you would go back tomorrow at two o'clock? I rather think you will not find her; she will have vanished forever."

"Impossible! The child is too ill to be moved, and she would not risk the danger to him."

"In her present mood nothing is impossible, and she would dare death if it were necessary, in order to thwart you. She belongs to more than one society of communists, and the freemasonry in operation is marvellous. There are places in this city, in Chicago, and in several New Jersey towns where she could disappear as successfully as in a Siberian mine; and you must keep in touch with your beautiful boy, who is much too fine a porcelain vase to be filled with the vitriol of socialism. Before you sleep to-night ask the police department to send a special watchman in sight of that house, with instructions to report to you any indications of intended removal."

"Then I must go, although I do not share your apprehension that Nona would rashly risk the boy's safety. Noel, I owe you so much—and for such various benefits—I am simply bankrupt in expressions of gratitude; but at least I can pray God to grant you your dearest desire in life, be that what it may."

He rose, and Mr. Herriott walked with him to the front door.

"Temple, write me fully all that you know I shall wish to hear. Let me help you in any way possible to secure a change of climate for your little St. John of the golden locks. Early tomorrow I go home; and in a few days your comings from Washington will be my guests. Are you quite willing Elijah should know the complications surrounding you at present?"

"Tell her everything, and do not spare me or suffer her to blame the innocent victims of my rashness. Some day Elijah may help me to soften my Nona's heart. When and where may I hope to see you again?"

"Very soon I start to Arizona for a short stay, thence to the most northern of the Alutian Islands where I expect to find Eskimo cliff dwellers, and later to the region northwest of Hudson Bay. Be sure to write me, and Vernon—pardon my perhaps unjustifiable insistence—don't fail to secure police surveillance before you sleep."

When the door closed, Mr. Herriott wrote a telegram to the physician who attended Leighton, walked to the nearest telegraph office, and heard his message click over the wires.

A few days later he was not surprised to learn that only the sternly positive interdict of the doctor had frustrated an attempt to remove Leighton from Brooklyn at ten o'clock on Monday morning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for subscription or renewal, or 25 cents for two years and read the next chapter. "I Will Never Marry a Man I Do Not Love," when Elijah's father warns her of bitter consequences.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

M. H. S.—Use vaseline treatment recommended for Mayday Katie. Do not cut your hair off, have patience and it will grow in again.

Blue Eyes, Ohio.—Sage tea will darken the hair also eyebrows. Do not get it in your eyes.

Arbutus.—To make a delicious fragrance about your person, make tiny sachets and sew them in corset, skirt hem and pompadour pad. See reply to Mayday Katie. Wear a short-waisted corset. Yes, you can use Beauty Bags and freckle lotion the same day but not at the same time.

Pasha Ameer.—I know that your diseased scalp is caused by your poor health. See reply to Mayday Katie and Miss Zoe K. Massage with the vaseline until your scalp is pink and glowing. Do this every night. Edna and others interested in hair treatment see reply to Mayday Katie.

Dear Violets.—See reply to Barkie on open pores. Rub lemon juice on your neck, this will whiten it. To banish blackheads steam your face nightly with hot cloths, then spread on a soap jelly (you can make it yourself) and let it stay for fifteen minutes. Wash off with hot water in which a tablespoonful of powdered borax has been dissolved. Do this three times a week. Your blackheads will soon disappear.

Blue-eyed Ed and others interested in a cure for blackheads.—See reply to Dear Violets.

A. M. T. Santa Rosa, Cal.—See reply to Dear Violets and Blue Eyes, Ohio. The "white things" are blackheads.

O. O. B.—See reply to Dear Violets for blackheads and greasy skin. For pimples spread on following mixture. Tincture of green soap, two ounces, witch hazel two ounces. Leave this on five minutes then wash off with hot water. Get this mixture at a druggist and use it every third day. If it irritates the skin, rub in a skin food every night.

Miss Pearl S.—See reply to Dear Violets. My Beauty Bags will help in this treatment. Your cold cream is a good one.

Mrs. May Z., Polkville.—Rub pure lemon juice on brown spots and take the juice of half a lemon in hot water half an hour before breakfast.

Violet, N. Y.—Use following ointment for your "red nose." One dram powdered sulphur, two and one half drams of powdered starch, one and one half ounces of ointment of zinc oxide, three drops of oil of rose-water. Put this on every night and it will fade the color. Do not wear tight clothes, collars, cuffs or shoes and be careful not to eat rich foods. Drink lots of cold water.

I. M. S.—Your letter praising my hot water cure is at hand and gratifies me exceedingly. You must massage with good face cream right across the wrinkles. The lines between eyes and across forehead are caused by raising the eyebrows. You must stop this habit or massage won't help you. For pimples see reply to "O. O. B." For cure for blackheads, see reply to Dear Violets. The irritation and redness at corners of nose I think are caused by blackheads. You must follow treatment given to Mayday Katie.

Miss Harriet.—For wrinkle treatment see reply to I. M. S. Drink hot water and your cheeks will soon be decked with roses. You should rub your hands with olive oil every night to soften them. Peroxide of Hydrogen applied every third day and my Beauty Bags will whiten them. You must scrub nose with stiff nail brush and soapy water every night and keep the scarf skin pushed back so the half moon shows.

Dewdrops.—See reply to Miss Harriet, also reply to Mayday Katie. You can whiten your face by washing it in buttermilk. For development of the bust use the Vaseline Remedy, formula for which was given in January or December number. Use Castile soap. Powdered borax in your bathing water will help a greasy face.

Katie face cream in to keep your face from chapping. Vaseline will make eyebrows and eyelashes grow. Wear your hair low over your forehead. Massage your thin neck with olive oil. When washing hair, dissolve one tablespoonful of powdered borax in your rinsing water. This will keep it fluffy. You can get any brand of rolled oats. Get them at a grocery store. Use sweet milk.

Hope.—If you are in good health and your hair apparently is also, the electricity means nothing except you have lots of vitality. Frequent shampooing does not hurt oily hair. For your poor hands, massage them every night with olive oil or mutton tallow. They will soon improve.

Lady Bountiful.—Try moistening your arms with Peroxide of Hydrogen three times a week.

Schoolgirl.—See article How to Grow Thin in December number. Use yellow vaseline, the

Invalid W. A. and others interested in my ammonia and Peroxide of Hydrogen Cure for supercilious hair are referred to the January answer column. They are also assured that it will kill the hair for good, that it will not leave scars and that they must not use washing ammonia. They must not get it in their eyes.

Annie B.—Get ten cents worth of Aqua Ammonia and a small bottle of Peroxide of Hydrogen at the drug store. It is already put up. I do not sell these preparations.

Yours in trouble.—See reply to C. E. Taylor. If you bleach your hair with Peroxide of Hydrogen it will have to be done over again every month or six weeks as the new hair at the scalp keeps growing in and it of course, is the natural color and has to be bleached to match the rest of the hair. I would not advise your using the depilatory mentioned.

C. E. Taylor.—Yours received. Neither of the remedies could possibly cause an increased growth. The trouble you are having is explained thus: The ammonia causes the hair to become coarse and hard and briefly like a beard, the Peroxide causes it to be fluffy and fly out in all directions. Consequently every hair stands out independently. The little invisible hair growths are also hardened and coarsened by these applications and in consequence become noticeable, which accounts for what you think is a new hair growth. Every individual hair on your arms or face will become fifteen times more noticeable for a time. Try pouring ammonia on your hair and see the result. It is destructive and cannot cause hair to grow. Peroxide could not increase a growth any more than water. You will have to endure this unpleasantness if you wish to finally be cured.

Cheyenne.—To whiten your teeth hold Peroxide of Hydrogen in your mouth. Nothing can be done to alter the shape of your chin. Do not swallow the peroxide.

Queen of Hearts.—I think I've written you before. Take two glasses of hot water before each meal and two before going to bed. It gives you a beautiful white and pink skin. You must rub in the olive oil on the arms until the oil is entirely absorbed by the skin. I do not recommend the cream you mention. I do not know of anything that will take hair off permanently and immediately. You can take it off in five minutes but it will grow in twice as thick. A level tablespoonful of powdered borax in the water, simply makes the water soft and good to use, it also prevents the soap from clinging to the hair. It is not injurious unless a large quantity is used.

Nebr. Girl.—Wear your hair in full pompadour. Use lemon juice on dark patches.

November Rose.—Your sister probably has a goiter and should consult a doctor. Massage red spots with olive oil or face cream. They will soon go away. Best your eyes as much as possible and bathe them in very hot water.

Country Girl.—Olive oil might, but anything greasy might cause a growth.

E. M. S.—You should take cold baths and avoid rich foods. Drink twelve glassfuls of cool water each day. Mutton tallow or a good skin food rubbed on your face every night will prevent chapping and make it less sensitive. Never wash your face in warm water just before going outdoors.

A. B. C.—There is no danger of the remedy entirely closing the pores. Castile soap is the best to use. Rub vaseline on your finger nails and surrounding flesh every night. Cut off hang nails and keep the scarf skin pushed back so the half moon shows. This will keep them in good condition. Don't worry about your eyes. The whites of the eyes are not always clear white.

Mary D.—I do not disapprove of "rats." Yes you use the Beauty Bags in the correct way. Bravo for you! It is not necessary to brush your teeth more than three times a day. See reply to Mayday Katie. I wouldn't use onion juice as I don't think it would do any good. If you have enough hair five or six puffs would look lovely. Do your hair in a pompadour; then comb your back hair up loosely and divide into five or six separate strands. Puff each strand and roll around finger beginning at the end of the hair and rolling toward the hair. Fasten on each side with hairpins. Pull the puffs out so they will look large.

M. W. S.—Get the oats at a grocery store.

Silver heels.—Rinse your face after using the Beauty Bags. Any brand of rolled oats will be good. Eat what you ordinarily do when drinking hot water. A good skin food carefully rubbed in will prevent the skin from becoming rough.

Bleeding Heart.—Get yellow vaseline. A jar of it will cost about ten or fifteen cents. I'm afraid, Girlie, as regards your nose, you'll just have to grin and bear it. Massage the bump vigorously with skin food.

Turkey.—Brunettes are just as pretty as blondes any day. Your weight is just right if you are five and one half feet high. I thought perhaps you meant five feet and one half inches, in which case you would weigh too much. Your bust should be thirty-eight inches. Your waist is all right. The color of the hair does not make any difference as regards heaviness. Some dark haired people have thin hair, others have beautiful, long, heavy hair.

In the March issue I shall give a talk on "Facial Massage."

And now thanking you all for your attention I wish you much success. Be sure and remember to

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

away? Your father will return in two days; but perhaps I had better tell him to come this evening, and—

"No, no, no," broke out Isabel hysterically. "It is too late now—too late, too late. There, there don't stop to undress me Joyce, but leave me, leave me."

"But my lady—"

"Go, Joyce, go. I want to be alone," gasped Isabel, dropping down in a chair, and burying her face in her hands.

Joyce made a low bow and quietly quitted the room. Isabel was worn and excited over her first ball, she thought, as she stepped out into the landing, for she could not know that her beautiful charge was playing with fire, and in the sport getting burned herself.

Tired and worn out herself, Joyce sought her couch and slept readily; but Isabel, crouched in her chair, never made an effort to disrobe.

Far into the day she sat there sobbing and alone—hating herself, hating that proud, imperious mother who had stung her to the quick, and hating all the world save him!

Hate him she never would, never could. She remembered that moonlight night, and her task seemed doubly hard when that splendid blonde face would rise before her every moment; but there never came to her a realization that the pain in her heart, was the dawn of love, or that, fight as she might against it, Lord Lionel Beresford was the loadstar of her life, and henceforth and to eternity, their destinies must be inseparable—that she had gone blindly forth to meet her doom, and the days of perfect peace were slipping rapidly away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you are not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire send 15 cents for a year's subscription or 25 cents for two years, and read the next chapter, "Laying the Snare," when the net closes about Lady Isabel, and the tragedy of sin begins.

In reading this sequel to Mrs. Wood's famous novel it has reminded many of our reader, to ask for the book "East Lynne," and we are now offering it as a premium, in an attractive cloth binding for a club of only three subscribers to this paper, at 15 cents each.

"Lady Isabel" will not be published in book form, but nearly every reader will want a copy of "East Lynne" in the house for reference while reading this story.

## It Is Easy To EARN

beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Group and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve, what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine solid gold Chiffonier with large drawers. Self finished, roomy and comfortable, for selling a dozen. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Carpets, Kitchen Cabinets, Shirts, Furniture and anything in household goods. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. D. 1178—35th St. Chicago

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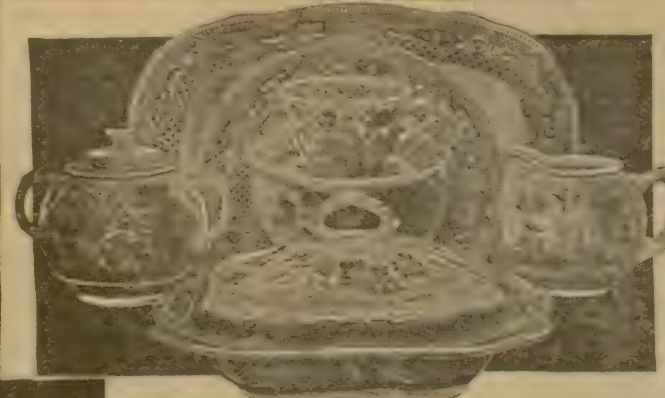
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## This \$10.00 Set of Dishes Costs You Nothing!

Just think—you can get this beautiful set of Old Willow Ware, and it won't cost you a cent! Here's the explanation: dealing direct with us, the Manufacturers, makes it possible to buy goods for only a little more than it costs to make them. The regular patronage of over one million families is strong proof that the Larkin Idea—Factory-to-Family—is a practical, money-saving plan. Now, a retail dealer gets most of his goods from a wholesaler, and the wholesaler gets them from a jobber. So you see, three dealers—and the travelers of all—have to make a profit on the goods, and you pay about twice what they really cost. Larkin Factory-to-Family dealing saves you all unnecessary expense—gives you \$20.00 retail-value of high quality for \$10.00. There are over 165 Larkin Products. They include Laundry and fine Toilet Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Preparations and Pure Food Specialties. With every \$10.00 worth you select, we give in addition, a Premium that would cost you \$10.00 at a store. We can afford to make your money go twice as far as a retailer can, giving you 100 per cent. more value, because we are manufacturers and sell direct to you the consumer at a small profit only.



WE CAN SAVE YOU \$10.00 EVERY FEW WEEKS

## 69-Piece Old-Willow Cottage Dinner-Set No. 805.

Given with \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

This is the first Old-Willow Ware made in America; it is an exact reproduction of the famous English ware, in rich Dark Blue, under the glaze and very durable.

## EVERYTHING WE OFFER IS OF HIGH QUALITY.

Quality and purity are assured every purchaser of the Larkin Products. Larkin Premiums are noted for their excellent design, workmanship, finish and durability. Ask any Larkin customer in your neighborhood about our fair and liberal dealings.

We guarantee to satisfy you. To PROVE this to you, we will send \$10.00 worth of Products and a Premium worth \$10.00 on 30 days' trial, then you pay if pleased. At the end of 30 days if you are not satisfied, we will remove goods at our expense.

Fill in and mail coupon today, and we will show you how easily you can save \$10.00 every few weeks.

FILL IN—CUT HERE—MAIL TODAY. Larkin Co. Please mail Product and Premium List No. 70 and explain how the Larkin Idea saves money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ C. P. \_\_\_\_\_

Larkin Co.

Established, 1875. BUFFALO, N. Y.







## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

sweetheart and lover, of husband and wife. Life without love is like the rose, without perfume, it is incomplete, for love is life, and God is love, and even the desert of Sahara, as it were, can be an earthly garden of Eden with one we love.

I was interested in the novel experience of the sister who saw the morning-glories unfold early in the morning—did any of you ever try growing them in the window as a house plant? I have pink, blue and purple ones and they are very beautiful.

Sister, did you ever try making "cottage cheese" this way? Pour boiling water into the thick, sour milk, until curd separates from whey—stirring all the time—instead of cooking over the fire as many do. It is sweet and tender. ADA M. MARLIN, No. Yakima, Gen'l del'y, Wash.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have watched the growth of COMFORT for many years. I can truthfully say that it is among the first publications. "The first" to me and I believe that most farmers' wives or those living in the country will say the same.

I live on "Fidalgo" island in Puget Sound. Our home is beside a beautiful lake where the grass is green the year round. Large forest trees, fir and cedar that are evergreen and plenty of fruit of different kinds.

We are just three fourths of a mile to salt water. Raisin, poultry, mostly for eggs, vegetables, fruit for which we always get high price. Have good schools and churches, and a great many manufacturing plants of different kinds. Also fish canneries.

Will someone that has lived in New Zealand please write me.

Mrs. Van Dyke asks "What has become of the old-fashioned dried apples." I want to tell the sisters how I dry them. A few at a time in new milk pans in the cooking stove with the doors open. It will not make any difference if the fire is hot and they cook a little. After paring and quartering apples or pears I cut them again, they dry sooner. I put some of the pans on the back of the stove, or range, on irons.

I make an excellent apple butter with the dried apples. I soak them a few minutes in hot water, squeeze out and chop or run through food chopper. Then put on in granite iron vessels with little water and cook slowly on back of the stove. Sweeten with sugar and little molasses, cinnamon and allspice. It is best to soak the apples after chopping, in water all night and cook in same water. You can't tell this from the old-fashioned apple butter. I also chop dried apples, pears and peaches, and put in coffee cake along with the raisins. I think one of those meat grinders or food choppers, all the same, are indispensable.

With all due respect for "Uncle Charlie" still, I am glad that my letter doesn't come under his critical eye. My apple butter recipe anyway. Let us each try to do something for the shut-ins. Scatter some sunshine.

MRS. IDA S. BOWER, Dewey, Skagit Co., Wash.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I think it my duty to help along a little so will send in a recipe for making apple marmalade which is very nice where there is a family of children. I find my grandchildren enjoy it very much.

I am English. I was born in London, have always lived in cities, am now living on a farm of fifty acres. I get rather lonesome sometimes, but love the country. I have three children married, and they come home quite often. I have COMFORT paper to read which we enjoy for I find many helpful things in it. My husband reads the stories, but I like the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's letter to the cousins.

MRS. FAY, Conneaut, Ohio.

## DEAR READERS:

I am a farmer's daughter, and enjoy living in the country and raising chickens, and having beautiful flowers. My mother died May 23, 1907. She left ten children. I am the eldest girl. I have two brothers older than myself, all are home but my oldest brother, he is married. The youngest child is a girl of four years. My sister who is two years younger than myself and I do all the housework, and I find many recipes in COMFORT a help to me.

Will some of the young readers write to me. I will appreciate and answer all letters. I have some calla lily bulbs. If any of the sisters would like to have one, write to me and I will give one as long as they last. I would be pleased to receive patterns of drawnwork from any of the sisters.

MISS EVA DAIL, Box 40, Edenton, R. D. 1, N. C.

The letter from Ledy McCar, Parlinville, Kansas about swollen glands appealed to me.

I had mine operated on, and still they grew worse until a friend told me to "wear pure gold beads" next the flesh where they would not be seen, and explained there was a scientific reason for it, the sweat being salt combined with the gold formed a solution that cured, one that our great grandmothers used for scrofula or king's evil as it was called, and accounts for so many gold beads being handed down. It has proved a success in my case. Please little Edith try it, and let us know results. If this is beyond your means, perhaps the dear COMFORT can help you out.

GRACE BROOKS, Lisbon Center, Maine.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have five children, Annie, Edna, Earl, Cassidy and Leona. They are my comfort and joy. I was born thirty-three years ago in Newland, Richmond Co., Va., on an old place called "Apple Grove." This is said to be about two hundred years old, and there is a story about its first owner which runs thus:

A beautiful young girl lived there and had a lover of whom her parents did not approve. He tried to persuade her to run away with him, but being a dutiful child, she said, "I will never marry you without my father's consent," and they parted in anger. The next day he went to her house, called for her, and when she came to the door, shot her. She hung the door to, and the second bullet went through the door.

One of my earliest memories is of this bullet hole. After this sad occurrence the girl's spirit, so her family eventually moved away, and the story runs that when they started to leave the house the wheels locked, and for a time it was impossible for the horses to start the load.

I thought I would tell you of this incident as one of the other sisters related one of her experiences and asked if we believed in ghosts. I really do not know whether a departed spirit can return to earth or not, but still I have heard of many queer happenings. Do you not all think it would be interesting to write more on this subject?

Near "Apple Grove" there was an old English church built of stone, but services have not been held there for a long time, and it has gradually gone to decay, and is a picturesque ruin; they have built a Baptist church just outside the gate.

I live in upper Westmoreland county and though it is a beautiful country, I often long for my childhood home. I have not many neighbors, and when night comes on there is not a light in sight. This place is near General Washington's birthplace, a lovely spot where they have erected a monument to his memory.

Now, dear sisters, do write me and tell me all about yourself and your surroundings as I have never traveled much and am fond of finding out all I can about other places.

My husband is a doctor, as was my grandfather, who was Austin Saunders of Wausau, Va. I have always been brought up in a medical atmosphere, and know of many remedies, and would gladly help any of you with advice in regard to your little ones. Simple remedies and a mother's care are always best.

MRS. MARIA E. D. BOWIE, Potomac Mills, Va.

## 112 PIECE DINNER SET FREE



## To Every Lady Reader

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get a handsomely designed, 112-piece Decorated Dinner Set Absolutely Free. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Dinner Set is yours. You can realize how easy, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and six glasses is included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away, we will give in addition, as a Special Premium, Absolutely Free, the handsomely designed 5-piece Cottage Toilet Set, described below, with first order. You simply can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.



## 5-PIECE TOILET SET FREE

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front and to get you to help us, we will send with your first order this handsome designed, 5-piece Cottage Toilet Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send the Toilet Set in addition to the Dinner Set. This handsome designed 5-piece Cottage Toilet Set consists of the following pieces: Water Pitcher, Wash Bowl, Chamber, Small Pitcher and Soap Slab. A handsome set for any bedroom. These sets are going fast and we urge you to write quick if you want one.

**NO MONEY NECESSARY** You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your premium with the Baking Powder, and also send the Glass Pitcher and Six Glasses all together, and then

**We Give You Time to Deliver and Collect Before Remitting to Us**

You start in business on our money. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer? Now don't delay. These handsome Dinner Sets will be grasped quickly by prudent ladies all over the country. While it is on your mind sit down and send us your name and address so that you can get our big Special Premium; also free our Mammoth Catalogue and Premium List. Be sure and write today.

**HAGOOD MFG. CO.**

343 N. Commercial St. St. Louis, Mo.

If the Hagood method is not the BEST, why do others try to imitate it?

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I was a child and I want to tell you I still read it and think it is better than ever. I do enjoy the sisters' letters; they are helpful.

I have been married five years. I have black hair and eyes, am five feet four inches tall and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

Our little town is in Southern Illinois, in the midst of the fruit belt. It is a railroad town, having been laid out by the Illinois Central Railroad. There are five roads running out of it. We have three or four coal mines, two flour mills, a glass factory, envelope factory and several other industries. There is a beautiful cemetery here and a great many churches and fine residences.

Can any of the sisters tell me what will make ferns grow indoors, when one burns gas? Mine all die from the effect of the gas, I suppose. I love flowers dearly.

I saw a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems the other day and am going to get one for myself. I feel so sorry for the shut-ins. We who have good health should indeed feel thankful and blessed.

How many of the sisters black the tops of their ranges? I do not. I simply wipe real often with a greasy cloth. If this is persevered in, the range will soon be smooth as glass and shining.

Use your egg beater to beat up all batters, cakes, cookies, griddle cakes, as well as, for frosting, and you will get better results.

Try putting the finger cut from an old kid glove over the end of rod, when running through sash curtains.

Camphor will remove white spots from varnished furniture.

Paint a red stove with lemon juice before blacking and it will not have to be done so often.

We have a fine Carnegie library in our town. I am a great lover of reading, and also love to do fancy work, but don't find much time. I like housekeeping all but cooking. I would like to correspond with some of the sisters, especially from the West. I would go if I could only get my husband to go too.

MABEL L. MILLER, 323 N. Maple St., Centralia, Ill.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Since I last wrote to you summer and autumn have passed, and we have reached the duller season of the year. The weather is quite cool here, and today it looks stormy. We have had quite a number of cold days lately, and I am already beginning to long for the spring. I want to thank all for your kindness in responding to my requests, but as yet, have not received the following poems: "One Week in Heaven," "Little Willie," and "Annie's Prayer." Either of these I should be very pleased to receive.

An excellent mouth wash may be made by dissolving a tablespoonful of prepared borax in a pint of hot water. Before the water is quite cold add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, and a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh. A wineglassful or more of this should be used to rinse the mouth night and morning.

To make home-made cold cream, take four ounces of oil of almonds, one half ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, stand a jar containing these ingredients in a saucepan of hot water. Stir well, adding two ounces of orange-flower water when the mixture has become smooth. Mix well, and keep in an earthenware jar.

MISS IDA E. WAKE, Fullerton, Md.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to thank all who remembered me. I have answered all who gave addresses. Since writing I have lost everything by fire, and am now in a pretty bad fix. Will some of you who have the little plant known in the South as myrtle please send me some when warm weather comes. I will pay postage.

MRS. MARY F. EAMIST, Lonnrot, Minn.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

## Dutch Stew

Cut salt pork into dice pieces, boil until tender then add potatoes and parsnips cut fine, salt and pepper, when all done remove and thicken the liquor with a little flour and pour over the stew.

## Tomato Soup

Stew a can of tomatoes until done, then put through a colander to remove seeds, thicken with a little flour, season, add a generous lump of butter, and you will have a good dinner with home made bread or crackers. Try it.

## For Ornamenting Cakes with Frosting

To make the frosting, beat the white of one egg till stiff, roll and sift one cup pulverized sugar, mix. Use colored candles for painting floral designs. Dip a small camel's-hair brush in white of egg, to remove coloring from candy. Painting tendrils and vines, after the pattern has been laid on, by the use of little linen cornucopias. The tubes should be neatly glued together, after which the small end should be cut off, very smoothly. Fill the cone half full, with icing, bend or tie the top together very securely.

## Baked Macaroni

Break half pound of macaroni in pieces an inch long, cook in boiling water slightly salted until soft and tender. Drain. Put a layer in

baking dish, upon this grated cheese, then more macaroni and cheese, and so on, last layer of macaroni, then pour stewed tomatoes on the top and bake fifteen minutes. Boiling the macaroni in beef broth makes it excellent, then proceed as above. Cauliflower used instead of macaroni is very nice for a change, only put in a layer of bread first in baking dish.

## Cream for Coconut, Walnut, Chocolate or Fruit Candies.

Two cups sugar (granulated), two thirds cup water, boil without stirring until it will spin a thread. Set off into dish with cold water in it, stir briskly until white and creamy. For nut candy, have nuts shelled, make the cream into small round cakes, and press the nuts on to it. English walnuts should be split in half, press half a walnut on either side. For chocolate creams, melt the chocolate by putting it in a tin over the boiling teakettle, when melted roll the small cakes of cream in it. If you are in a hurry, use powdered confectioners, or pulverized sugar, mix with sweet cream or milk, and proceed as above, this will sour quickly.

## Cream Candy

One pound white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful vanilla (or lemon), one teaspoonful cream of tartar. Add little water to moisten sugar, boil until brittle. Turn out on buttered plate. When cool, pull until white.

## Molasses Candy

Three cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup water, half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, butter size of walnut, follow directions for cream candy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

## ST. VITUS' DANCE

Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

## You'll Start Raising Chickens When You Get My Price

Let me quote you my 1908 low price for a Chatham which will start you making extra chicken profits when you read my valuable new free book.

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Gives you the benefit of my 50 years' successful experience FREE—write nearest office for it today.

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**FARMER WANTED:** Bright, active, intelligent farmer in each county, to sell our Hoof Ointment, Horse & Cattle Powder, Harness Oil and Harness Soap to farmers, blacksmiths, teamsters and livermen. Big Commission, Good Goods, will bring repeat orders. Good chance to make money in the idle winter months. Must furnish high class bank reference to secure agency. Don't answer unless you mean business. B. W. GORDON COMPANY, McKeesport, Pa.

**Gold Rings Free** Sell to packs of Dr. Stultz's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remover at 10 cts. each. When sold send money and we'll send 2 rings. DR. C. A. STULTZ, Box 2, Woodsboro, Md.

**SEEDS EVERYTHING for the Farmer or Gardener** FREE. Our Big Illustrated Farm and Garden Seed Catalog, now Ready. Will be mailed FREE if you mention this paper. A postal card will bring it. WATKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Stearnsboro, Iowa.

**WARTS AND MOLES REMOVED** safely, painlessly and without scar, or cost refunded. Booklet free. Specialists' Laboratories, Dept. 8, Rochester, N. Y.

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SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 15 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches high, as a gift, stores charge \$1.00 each for them. With them we send 12 boxes of our famous CLOVERINE BALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.



## MEN and WOMEN

EARN \$3.00 DAILY

You sell the Cloverine at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep each commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you sell pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn \$2.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 88.

## 58 DROP HEAD 5-DRAWER SEWING MACHINE

PLEASE WRITE IMMEDIATELY FOR OUR NEW SEWING MACHINE OFFER and get the complete description of this machine. For only a little more money we can furnish you with the very finest sewing machine we sell, one of the latest improved and highest grade machines made in the world; can ship it from a town near you and the freight charges will be very little. This great offer is also fully explained in our new Sewing Machine Catalogue.

**OUR OFFER.** Cut this advertisement out and send it to us, or write us a postal card or a letter and say, "Send me your new Sewing Machine Offer," and you will receive by return mail, postpaid, free, our latest, new, big Special Sewing Machine Catalogue in colors, our great \$7.50 Sewing Machine Offer, all our other wonderful sewing machine offers, our three months' free trial plan. We will explain our new plan for carrying machines in warehouses in various parts of the country so that we can make prompt delivery, shipping your machine almost the day we get your order, making the freight charges very little next to nothing. We will show you why you can save so much money, why we can sell sewing machines for so much less than other dealers; we will make you the GREATEST SEWING MACHINE PROPOSITION you ever heard of.

**CREDIT PLAN.** Also how new sewing machines are exchanged for old ones; all fully explained when you write for our new Sewing Machine Offer. If you have, cut this ad out at once and write for our new offer. If you can't use a sewing machine at any price, call your friends' attention to this advertisement. Don't buy any kind of a sewing machine at any price, for each or on time, don't trade your old machine for a new one, don't do anything until you get our new Special Sewing Machine Catalogue free with all our new offers. We will tell you something about sewing machines you ought to know. Address,

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Illinois**



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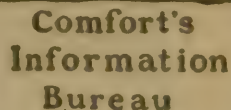
We prepare you by mail in from four to six weeks for either of the above positions. More calls recently for our competent men than we were able to supply. Positions secured as soon as competent. Rapid promotion. Remember, this Association is directed by Railroad Officials of four of the largest roads in the United States. If you want to be a railroad man, cut out coupon and send to us at once for full particulars. Write name and address plainly. Hundreds of positions now open. Address

**NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING ASSOCIATION**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_





Miss N. M., Flaglet Ia.—Write to Rand, Mc-  
y & Co., Chicago, Ill.

**Mexican Kisses**  
Put into a saucepan two cupfuls of brown  
sugar and one half cupful of sweet milk and cook  
about ten minutes or until a little dropped  
cold water will ball when rubbed between  
fingers. Stir constantly while boiling. Add  
one tablespoonful of butter, and as soon as  
melted, remove pan from fire and beat steadily  
the mixture begins to granulate. Have ready  
a pound of English walnuts, broken in small

They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the \$2, and we will positively send you **WATCH AND RING, Ladies' or Gents' Chain also. Address: HOME SUPPLY CO. Dept. 190 CHICAGO**

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**Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**





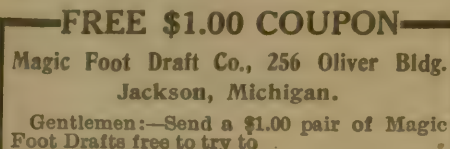


*By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon*

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upon almost every occasion when they were sightseeing, until Mr. Webster began to realize that he was *de trop*, or as he humorously expressed it, but the "fifth wheel to the coach," and he was forced to look about him for other society to soothe his wounded pride.

He soon found it in the companionship of two sisters, who were traveling with an aunt, and the dark eyes and sparkling beauty of the elder ere long bade fair to make as much a captive of him as Virgie had already made of Rupert Hamilton.

She was the loveliest girl that he had ever seen. Lillian Linton, and the startling discovery which Rupert had made regarding her feelings toward himself just before leaving Heathdale, were forgotten, and he surrendered himself to the charm of her society never questioning to what it might lead, or what his feelings might be when the trip was ended, and they should go their different ways.

But others began to consider these things if the youthful couple did not.

Older and more experienced eyes could see that he was fast learning to love the charming girl, and that she was also yielding her young heart, with its first strong passion, to the handsome Englishman.

Mr. and Miss Knight could not fail to perceive the danger that lurked in the pleasant companionship, and, while they liked the frank, manly fellow uncommonly well, they were troubled at the thought of anything serious growing out of it, while Virgie was in their care.

"Robert, I am afraid there is mischief brewing, and I feel very uneasy about it," Miss Knight remarked to her brother one day. **Mr** Rupert and Virgie stole away together to a corner of the parlor in the hotel where they were stopping to look over a collection of views which the young man had recently purchased.

"I've been a little fearful of it myself, Stella," he replied, gravely; "but I do not know as we can prevent it."

"We must prevent it," returned his sister, firmly. "We must do our duty, Robert; it would not be right to allow that dear child to become entangled in a love affair while she is away from her mother. I should never forgive myself, and she would never forgive us, if any harm should befall her while she is in our care."

"I cannot think there is anything wrong about the young chap," returned Mr. Knight, his eyes resting thoughtfully on the handsome face looking so smilingly into Virgie's; "he seems like a fine, manly fellow and has no bad habits; he does not even smoke, which is a rare virtue among young men nowadays."

"But we know nothing about him or his family," persisted the lady; "we do not even know from what portion of England he came; at least I do not."

"Neither do I," said her brother; "I have never questioned him and he seems very modest about talking of himself; but if Virgie were my daughter—and you know that I love her almost as well as if she were—I do not think I should feel very much alarmed to have her fall in love with as noble a specimen of manhood as young Hamilton appears to be."

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## Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

When they were in the street Mr. Knight turned his steps toward the park near by, and after walking up and down its beautiful avenues for a while, he seated himself upon a rustic bench and motioned his companion to sit beside him.

Then he turned frankly to him, and, speaking with great kindness, said:

"My young friend, it has always been my practice, when I had any disagreeable duty to perform, to adopt the most straightforward course, and, as I have something on my heart which I wish to say to you, I trust that you will pardon me if I speak out freely."

Rupert Hamilton's heart gave one tremendous bound at these words, and he cast a startled look into the friendly face beside him, knowing intuitively what was coming.

"If I am in any way connected with this disagreeable duty, sir, I hope you will speak frankly," he managed to stammer.

"Thank you," I felt sure that you would receive what I have to say in a kindly spirit," Mr. Knight continued, pitying the embarrassed lover sincerely. "I am an old man, my boy, but I have been young and do not forget the temptations and pleasures belonging to youth; neither can I find it in my heart to blame two charming people for recognizing a congenial spirit, and turning to each other for companionship; but—"

Rupert Hamilton turned now, and looked squarely into his aged friend's countenance.

"In other words, sir, you wish to speak with me regarding my admiration for Miss Alexander, which, of course, I know you have not failed to remark," he said, in a manly, outspoken fashion, that pleased Mr. Knight well, though a deep red flush mantled his cheek.

"You are right, that is just what I wish to confer with you about," the elder gentleman returned, adding, "You will no doubt appreciate the responsibility of my position, when I tell you that Miss Alexander is the only child of a very dear friend, and the young lady was intrusted to my own and my sister's care, during this journey, because her mother was not herself able to accompany her. We therefore feel that it would be very unwise and dishonorable on our part, to allow her to receive from anyone, attentions which might tend to hamper her future in any way. For this reason, I wish to speak a word of caution to you. Virgie is very young, and I do not believe she has given a thought to what might result from this pleasant intercourse, and I should deeply regret it if she should become involved in any affair of the heart while away from her mother."

"You are right, sir," Rupert answered, gravely, after a moment of thought, "and I thank you for your timely admonition, else, in a moment of impulse, I might have been led to betray more of my regard for Miss Alexander than would be wise or right, under the circumstances. I will deal as frankly with you, as you have dealt with me, and confess that I admire her more than any young lady I have ever met. She is very lovely, and—the flush on his handsome face deepening—"were you her father instead of her temporary guardian, I should boldly ask your permission to address her with the hope of some day winning her affection."

Mr. Knight smiled upon the eager lover. "I imagine that I have spoken none too soon," he said. "I am afraid that sly little god, Cupid, has already wrought more mischief than I will be able to remedy. But I admire your candor, and if you desire a more intimate acquaintance with my pretty little ward, by and by, I will give you her address and you can seek her in her own home, where there will be no ogre to rear obstacles in your path."

"Do not call yourself hard names," Rupert said, regarding him with a look of profound respect. "I am sure you have done only what you believe to be right."

"Thank you; you may be assured that it was not an agreeable duty," returned Mr. Knight, with a shrug of his shoulders, adding, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, "and if Virgie were my daughter I think you would not have found me a very obdurate parent. Truly, young man, I like you exceedingly well, and when we go back to New York, I will do all in my power to favor your suit, if you are then of the same mind as now."

"You are very kind, sir," Rupert said, gratefully, "and now, as I may not have another opportunity to make the request, if you will give me Miss Alexander's address, I shall consider it a favor."

Mr. Knight drew forth a card and wrote it for him, wondering why he should speak as he had done about not having another opportunity to get it.

A little later they returned to the hotel, where Rupert at once sought the manager of the excursion, and did not join the company again for an hour or more.

Then it seemed as if a change had come over him. He was quiet and preoccupied, almost spiritless. Virgie noticed it, and wondered what could have occurred to make him so. He did not devote himself as exclusively as usual to her, although he was never far away from her.

When the party broke up for the night, after an unusually merry evening, he went to her with a sinking heart.

She looked at him with shy eyes and a dimpling smile, that almost made him break a resolve that he had made since he last saw her.

"You have not been like yourself this evening, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "Have you had bad news, or are you not quite well?"

"Neither, Miss Alexander," he replied, looking down upon her bright face with eyes that kindled and glowed in spite of the restraint that he was imposing on himself. "I am simply experiencing a good deal of regret that I must leave some of my pleasant companions: I am going to join a party for Mexico immediately."

"Are you?" Virgie asked, with a start, and looking greatly surprised, while she lost some of her lovely color.

She thought it very singular that he had not before mentioned the fact of his intention to leave at this point. She knew that later on he was intending to go farther South.

"Yes," he said, his heart beating heavily, as he read the regret in her eyes. "Some gentlemen have arranged for an ocean trip intending to touch at the Santa Barbara Islands and land at San Diego, whence they will proceed into Mexico. I am going with them."

All the light had died out of Virgie's face

during this explanation. It seemed as if there was nothing left for her to enjoy during the remainder of the tour.

She had never realized before how dependent for enjoyment she had been upon his society, and now he was going another way. Perhaps they would never meet again; he would doubtless go directly back to England after his return from Mexico, and that would end this delightful episode of her life.

Her heart cried out against the separation, and, like a flash, it came to her how much this frank, noble young Englishman had become to her.

She did not know what to say to him; she stood there silent, wretched, and pale as the snowy lace that lay in folds upon her white neck.

"You—have changed your plans quite suddenly, have you not?" she at last managed to stammer.

"It is rather an unexpected move," he tried to say in a natural tone; "but I may never have another opportunity to take a voyage upon the Pacific Ocean, and it seems best that I should go."

It would have taken but very little more to have broken the fair girl down entirely. In all her life she had scarcely known a trial, hardly a wish ungratified, and this had come upon her like a thunderbolt from the sky.

She knew that she ought to make no sign before him, and yet she could not repress all feeling.

Her lips quivered slightly and there was a wistful expression in her eyes as she lifted them to him and said:

"I am sorry that you are going, Mr. Hamilton. We shall miss you sadly."

"Shall you?" he cried eagerly, his face growing luminous. "Thank you," he added, checking himself again. "I am sorry, too, to leave you; but, Miss Alexander, I shall be in New York early in the spring. May I hope to see you in your own home?"

A rosy glow leaped into the young girl's face at this request. A heavy load dropped from her heart, a sweet, new hope began to bud within her soul.

"Yes, indeed; do come, Mr. Hamilton, I know that mamma will be glad to meet you," she said, cordially.

"Thank you; but will you also be glad to see me, Vir—Miss Alexander?" the young man asked, in a low, eager tone, and there was an expression in his eyes of which he was wholly unconscious, but which told his fair companion much that he had fully intended should remain hidden deep within his own heart until he could stand before Mrs. Alexander, tell her how tenderly he had learned to love her daughter, and ask her sanction to his suit.

"Yes, I shall be glad," Virgie breathed, softly, her white lids hiding the happy light in her eyes, though there was a telltale glow upon her cheek.

Someone was approaching them and he knew he must leave her, though she had never seemed so lovely to him as in that shy, sweet mood.

"I leave early tomorrow morning, therefore I must say good night and good by now," he said, trying to smile as he extended his

hand to her, though his voice was a trifle unsteady.

"I shall not say good by to you, Mr. Hamilton. I do not like the words. I will bid you good speed, wishing you a pleasant voyage and a safe return."

His fingers closed over the small hand with a fond, lingering clasp, then with one last look into her dear face, he turned away, to make his adieu elsewhere, knowing that he should not see her again for months, but feeling as if his soul had quaffed some strangely inspiring elixir during that last moment or two in her sweet presence.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

It seemed very dull to Virgie for a while after the departure of Rupert, but with the memory of that last interview, and the hope of meeting him again in New York in the spring, Virgie resolved not to pine, and gave herself up to the hearty enjoyment of her sightseeing and other pleasures of the journey.

The trip proved to be a most enjoyable one in every way, and when Virgie returned to her mother, in March, looking rosy and happy, and full of life and enthusiasm over what she had recently seen, Mrs. Alexander felt well repaid for the loneliness she had experienced during this, their first separation.

Mr. Knight told her confidentially of Rupert Hamilton and his evident admiration for her charming daughter, and war-d her that she might look for the young man's return about the first or middle of May.

Mrs. Alexander was at first inclined to laugh over the romantic episode, until her friend mentioned that Rupert was an Englishman, whereupon she grew very grave and sad.

"I hope they will never meet again," she said, sternly. "I do not want my child to marry an Englishman; it is enough that her mother's heart was broken by one of that nationality."

"Surely, my friend, you do not imagine that all Englishmen are knaves simply because one has proved himself such?" said Mr. Knight.

"I suppose I have no right to judge them so, yet I have a prejudice against them that I cannot overcome," responded Mrs. Alexander, with a sigh. "I hope my darling, if she ever marries, will become the wife of a staunch American."

"The young man is a noble specimen of his countrymen, I can assure you," Mr. Knight answered, anxious to do Rupert justice. "I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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Dear Sir:—My chum, Ben Perry, and myself worked together and got a wonderful moving picture machine from you. We gave a show together and made \$11.00 in one night.

**EUGENE TORBETT, Gatesville, Tex.**

**Boys and Girls,** you can make lots of money when you get this great outfit of 320 moving pictures and the marvelous moving picture machine free. And you can entertain your friends as they were never entertained before. Bring the great interesting events from every part of the globe right into your own home. See the great football games, the thrilling automobile races, the hurrying throngs on Broadway, the great steamships coming in churning the foam and puffing out smoke. Hundreds of people will be glad to pay money to see these things.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**Sign This Coupon**

Or Send Letter or Postal Quick

Don't wait. Be the very first to get this great and glorious moving picture machine. Have fun: entertain your friends; earn money.

Sign the coupon right now

**CHARLES E. ELLIS,**

President

**649 W. 43rd St., New York City.**

CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President, 649 W. 43rd St., Dept. 491, New York City. Please send me your NEW AND EASY PLAN explaining how to get the MARVELOUS MOVING PICTURE MACHINE. Yours truly

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_





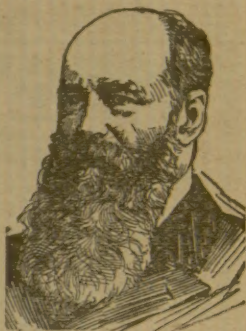


## A \$1 Package FREE To Try If You Have Piles

Send your name today and get by return mail our new 3-fold Treatment which is curing thousands.

To every person who sends us the coupon below at once we will send—Free to try—our complete new three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us one dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.

This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our threefold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new Pile Book (in colors) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—just the coupon—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 256 Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.



Trade-Mark Registered.

### Free \$1.00 Coupon

Entitling any one with Piles

to receive, prepaid, Free to Try, a regular DOLLAR PACKAGE of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment, together with our valuable New Book in colors (All plain wrapped.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Only one trial package to one address.

## FAT PEOPLE

I Will Send You a Trial Treatment Free

I can reduce your weight Three to Five Pounds a Week and turn ill health into robust health, mental sluggishness into activity, and relieve that feeling of fullness and oppression by producing healthy digestion and assimilation. No distasteful dieting or starvation, no exercising, no noseing drugs, or sickening pills that ruin the stomach. I am a regular practicing physician and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My new and scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart and enables you to breathe easily, and quickly removes double-chin, large stomach and fat hips. Prominent physicians advise their patients to take my treatment and leading doctors themselves are my patients. I absolutely guarantee satisfaction in every case. Write to-day for free trial treatment. I will also send you free my new book on Obesity. It will give you detailed outline of my treatment; it will be sent you free. Address HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D., 87 Bradford Building, 20 East 23d Street, New York City.

## BED WETTING

Completely cured, all ages. Box Penline, full directions FREE. Missouri Remedy Co., Box 746 E. St. Louis, Mo.

## ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinaman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

**WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?** Matrimonial marriageable people, many rich, from all sections mailed sealed free. R. L. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

**MARRY** Photos, descriptions & P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies & Gents, want to marry free. H. JAHN, St. Paul, Minn.

**MARRY RICH** Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (Sealed). Standard Cor. Club, 106 Avers Ave., Chicago.

**MARRY** Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. For when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 15 Takonka, Mich.

**MARRY** Wealth Directory free. A new and noble plan! Beauty No money required. Correspondence confidential. Chosen Club, Dept. C, Longby, Minn.

**MARRY** Photos and addresses of rich and handsome people who want to marry, sent free, sealed. Write today. THE PILST, Dept. 42, 188 N. Hamilton, Chicago, Ill.

**Marriage PAPER FREE**, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

## BLOOD POISON

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

**COOK REMEDY CO.**  
1731-55 State St., Chicago, U. S. A.

### Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Miss M. Bushel, Ky.—We do not know what "O. M. O." at the end of the young men's letters stand for, but at a rough guess we should say: "Oh, My Own." Does that suit you?

Jealous Wife, Cleburne, Texas.—Your husband is an emotional hypnotist, or lady charmer, and you should not be jealous of him. He can't help it. You never would have married him if he had not been so. Now that you have him you should not object to his continued use of the power. That sort of thing is not for domestic use, and you should have thought of this when there was time to escape. We can offer no relief.

Bessie, Larned, Kans.—The postage stamp language is obsolete. COMFORT dropped it several years ago. Put the stamp in the upper left-hand corner of the letter in which you have already told him all the sweet messages you want him to have, and thus gain the everlasting gratitude of the post-office people who have to postmark and cancel.

Katie, Wainwright, Ga.—The young man should give the engagement ring to the girl as soon after they are engaged as possible, and she should wear it on the third finger of her left hand. Evidently this is your first. You have our very best wishes.

Black-eyed Nellie, St. Cloud, Minn.—A feather fan is used at all seasons and is more ornamental than useful. It is used chiefly on dress occasions of all kinds. Use it when you have on your very best. (2) We believe that cake follows pie on the menu, but it doesn't much matter. Most folks don't have both at the same time. (3) Wear the League button on the left upper side.

Unhappy Wife, Rusk, Texas.—You are a very weak and foolish wife to permit yourself to fall in love with another man when your husband is such a good husband. But fight against it with all the strength you have, and as you have been doing, and you will overcome it in time. Keep your secret to yourself.

Hunbun, Leavenworth, Kans.—A girl of fifteen is at least five years too young to be thinking seriously of being married. Keep your mind on your books and don't worry about the boys until they are men and you are a woman. There will be time enough and trouble enough then.

COMFORT Lover, Hallock, Minn.—It would be quite thoughtful and nice of you to make the kind Doctor a little present as you suggest, and we believe he will appreciate it.

Vera Anderson Deputy District Clerk, Bozeman, Mon.—Thank you for the information. We are so opposed to girls marrying too young that we are quite willing to quote a law very freely in order to prevent it. We made the statement for the best interest of all concerned.

Bright Eyes, Renville, Minn.—Beware of the young man who drinks and promises reform, and beware of the traveling man who is here today and there tomorrow.

Lynna, Bay, Wash.—A bride's summer traveling dress may be best of gray or tan linen. It will not take dust and may be washed and made new over and over again. Don't get it too heavy, for heavy linen is not cool though it may look so and feel so to the touch.

Lona, Corydon, Ia.—If the "slight affection" the "distinguished looking man" has for you does not develop into a declaration of the real thing, you can only nurse your throbbing heart and wait for him to do so. There is no lady-like way to notify him that you love him. You have our sympathy.

Sad Heart, Throp, Wis.—It is quite proper for you to ask him to call if your mother wants you to receive callers. Post cards may be sent unsigned, but it is better to put the initials on, at least.

F. E. D. L., Silvana, Wash.—We are quite sure Mrs. Evans would very much like to receive such an appreciative letter as you would write to her. Send it to her in care of her publishers, whose name and address you will find on the title page of the book.

J. W. Boyd, Ia.—If you a married woman have fallen in love with a married man and he returns the feeling and you "truly love each other better than you love your own lives," suppose you lie away to some sylvan stream together and drop quietly and sweetly into a nice deep hole where you won't be fished out for several weeks. It is the very best cure for cases like yours. Permit us to say in all kindness that your kind or women and men make us extremely tired.

Greenie, Watkins, Col.—Ask the young man who wrote the letter. May be he can tell. We never heard of them before or after.

L. H., Maryville, Mo.—If not advertised in COMFORT, we don't know. Have you read those very interesting columns of this paper?

Blue Eyes, Rapid City, S. Dak.—A married woman can go to plays and parties with another man so long as her husband is quite willing for her to do so and her children don't need her at home.

Bleeding Heart, Mineral Va.—If the young man is all right and the kind who will make a good husband, don't be too particular about his family, so long as they are respectable.

Brown Eyes, Simpsonville, S. C.—As a student at a business college you should wear plain and substantial clothing, skirts and shirt-waists, and a serviceable, inexpensive and becoming hat. Business colleges are not fashionable schools. You must be neat, however, and always look spick and span, because that counts for much in securing a good place after you are graduated. Wear your hair up.

Every Lady can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 19.

### RAISING POULTRY AS A SIDE LINE.

There is money in raising poultry for the market. As a side line it fills in many unprofitable hours and pays handsome dividends the year round. The business of raising poultry is one that doesn't require a large amount of money to start. For a few dollars you can buy either the Wooden Hen or the Excelsior Incubator, and either one will more than pay for itself with the first hatch. These incubators are made by George H. Stahl, Quincy, Illinois, who is widely known as one of the largest and most successful manufacturers of hatcheries and brooders in the country. Write today for a free copy of Stahl's catalogue—the most instructive book on poultry raising that has been issued in recent years.

# April First is All Fools' Day WHY IS IT?

Look it up in your almanac, in your dictionary, in the encyclopedia, or ask the school teacher, and if you can't find out, then read the answer in the April number of COMFORT.

But we will tell you right now of our way in which you may AVOID BEING FOOLED ON APRIL 1, 1908.

In our December and January numbers we gave notice that the subscription price of COMFORT would be raised at an early date, because of the increased cost of production in consequence of the advance in cost of labor and material, and we now announce the date and amount of this advance.

## On and After April 1, 1908, the Subscription Price of COMFORT will be 20 Cents a Year.

Thousands and thousands of the wise and prudent ones have already made haste to take advantage of the present low subscription rates of 15 cents a year or 25 cents for two years, by sending in 25 cents for a two years' new subscription or renewal subscription to COMFORT. They are all right. They are secure. They don't have to worry. They knew a good thing when they saw it and took us up quick at our offer. WHEN the first day of April comes and the SUBSCRIPTION GOES up to 20 cents a year, their neighbors

### CANNOT SAY APRIL FOOL

to them on this account.

Still others equally wide-awake sent in 50 cents and asked us for a four years' subscription to COMFORT, but that was more than we had offered and we had to refuse them.

Many others have sent in half a dollar for two two years' subscriptions, one for themselves and one for a neighbor or friend; and those were all right; we were pleased to receive them.

Many others have taken advantage of the present low rates and other favorable conditions, which we explained in our January number, to

### SEIZE THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

to raise a COMFORT subscription club, and have received a nice premium for the little time it took them to do it.

We don't have to tell you what COMFORT is. Everybody who has read it knows that it is the best, brightest, up-to-date, clean, moral, elevating, most interesting, entertaining and instructive all round family monthly paper published anywhere for the subscription price. If you don't know it, read this number and see for yourself.

### COMFORT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Note all the instructive, entertaining and useful departments and special articles, all written especially for COMFORT by its talented staff writers.

See what a lot of interesting, high-class, continued and short stories by the best authors it contains, including the last and best story ever written by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, who has just died, and the latest and said to be the best story ever written by Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, the aged author of the famous "St. Elmo." Her story which we are now running is probably the last that Mrs. Wilson will ever write because of her advanced age.

Two years ago when COMFORT was running "St. Elmo" in serial form our subscription price was 10 cents a year, but increased cost of production compelled us to raise the price to 15 cents about two years ago, and now the same causes necessitate a further advance of five cents on the first day of April next.

But we call your attention especially to a story of unusual interest which we are running as a serial in COMFORT, because it has never appeared in print before and is the

### "SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE"

Of course you have read "East Lynne." Everybody has, and nearly everybody has seen it played on the theatrical stage. You want to read its sequel and learn all about what befalls the leading characters in later years, and so does everybody. This story alone, of which COMFORT owns the exclusive serial right, is worth many times the price of the subscription.

Perhaps you did not know, that

**EAST LYNNE has a SEQUEL,**  
Quite its equal.

**East Lynne has no equal**  
Save its SEQUEL;

**The SEQUEL to East Lynne.**

**COMFORT has no equal;**  
Has the sequel.

**Read COMFORT and the SEQUEL**  
Without equal;

**The SEQUEL to EAST LYNNE.**

### SUBSCRIBE NOW

Don't put off subscribing just because we give you until March 31 to subscribe at the present low rates of 15 cents for one year, or 25 cents for two years. If you put it off, the first day of April will be here before you know it. Don't let your neighbor get the LAUGH on you ALL FOOLS' DAY for having missed this opportunity. Send 25 cents now for a two years' subscription.

Show this copy of COMFORT to your friends and explain the situation to them. When they understand it they will jump at the chance to subscribe. Raise a subscription club among your neighbors now, before the price goes up; now while it is easy. Send us the names and the price in money, postage stamps or money order and receive by return mail one of the nice club premiums advertised in this paper or in our Premium Catalogue. SEND FOR OUR LATEST PREMIUM CATALOGUE. On all Premium Offers 2 two-year subscriptions count the same as three one-year subscriptions.

**CAUTION.** In raising your club don't take any subscriptions for more than two years.

**Special Notice.** It is of utmost importance that we know whether you are a new or old subscriber to COMFORT, or have formerly taken one of the Lane papers. So in sending in your subscription, whether you use this coupon or not, you must be sure and give us this information, stating which one of the Lane papers you formerly subscribed for.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 15 cents to pay for one year, subscription to COMFORT. (Check amount sent and term subscribed for.)  
25 cents to pay for two years

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

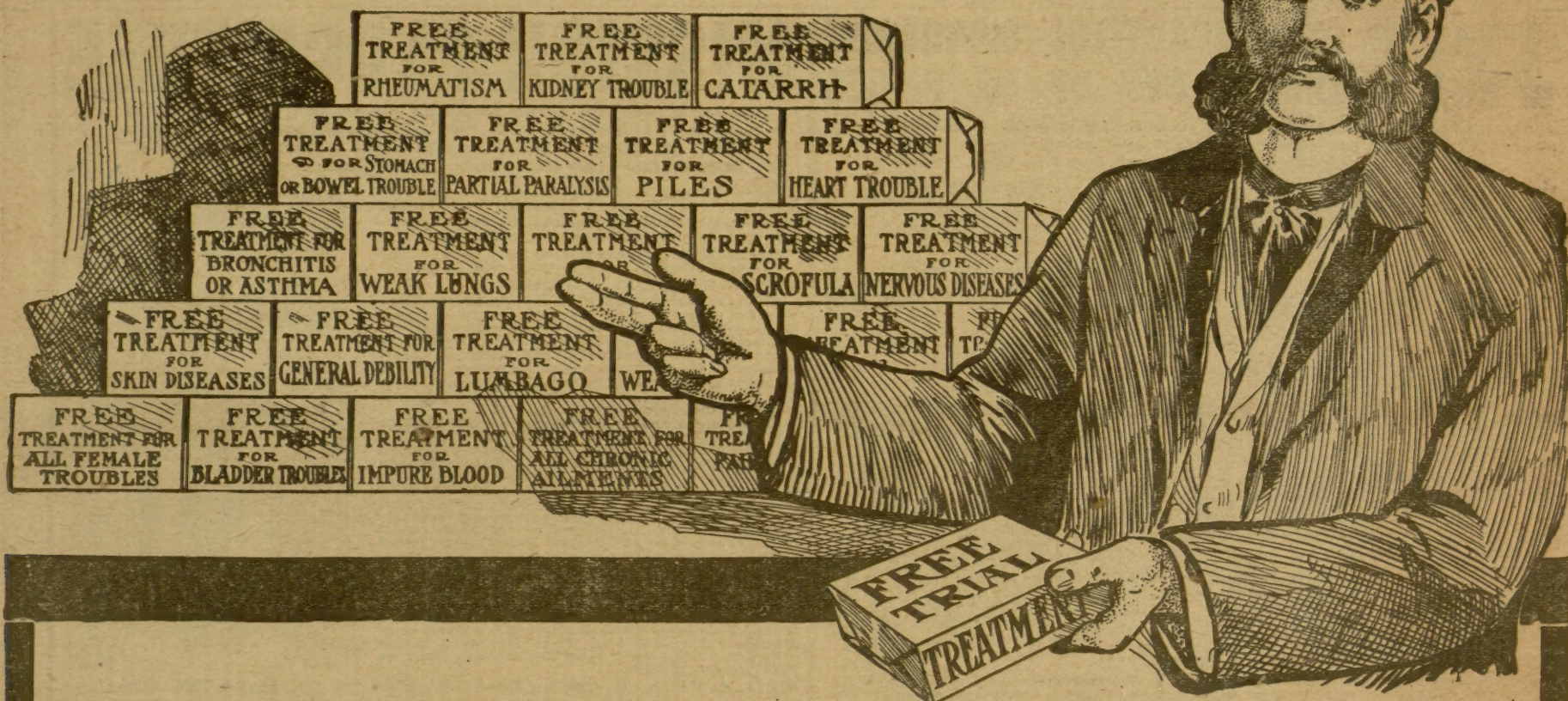
Feb. '08.







# FREE TREATMENT AND ADVICE FOR EVERYONE



## To the Sick and Ailing Everywhere TO YOU IT IS OFFERED FREE

To the sick and suffering—to every man—to every woman in poor health, this offer is made—made in the absolute faith and sincere belief that my treatment will cure you and lift you up again to perfect health and vigor. I have a right to ask you to believe what I say—to have faith in my treatment, because thousands and thousands of grateful cured patients prove my word—prove the virtue of my treatment. I *don't* ask you to believe me. I *don't* ask you to believe them. Doubt if you wish. Wise men doubt, but only fools refuse to be convinced.

### I Want a Chance to Convince You

I want to give you positive proof, convincing evidence. I want to remove all doubt—all question—all suspicion—all lack of faith—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—*all of it*—to the very last penny myself. I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not “some better”—but thousands of desperate sufferers *heartily and strong and big and well*; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say.

No matter how you are, no matter what your affliction, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

These remedies have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they *do* cure and I believe they will cure *you*—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!

### Let Me Send You a Free Treatment

Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only *makes* this offer but *publishes* it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to any one except himself?

Nearly a million people in every civilized country on earth have accepted this offer. Not one has cause to regret it.

Send me your name, post office address and a description of your condition, and I will do all in my power to satisfy every doubt you have or can have that these remedies will restore you to health.

Tell me how you feel and the proof treatment is yours at my cost. No bills of any kind—no papers to sign—no obligation to buy—nothing but my absolute good will and good faith.

**DR. JAMES W. KIDD, Box 1567, FORT WAYNE, IND.**

NOTE: Our readers should take advantage of this liberal offer. We know Dr. Kidd and know his methods to be fair and honest.